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Sunday, Feb. 17, 1935

Childhood Tragedies — by Percy Crosby The Distinguished Creator of "Skippy"



"If She Ever Has a Baby, I Hope She Doesn't Leave It on a Doorstep."

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Curious Cone Dwellings of the Armenian Mountaineers

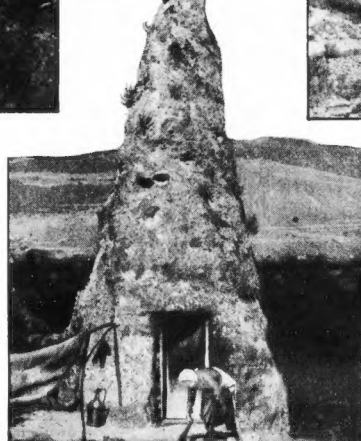


Zanguezur Village, Armenia, Where the Grotesque Cones Caused by Erosion Are Thriftily Transformed Into Houses by the Dwellers.

General View of the Picturesque Mountain Slope With Its Curious Formations, Relieved by an Occasional Humble House.

NOWHERE else in the world is there a stranger community than the villages of Zanguezur, Armenia. The hardy mountaineers of this place—one of the most isolated sections of Asia Minor—live just as did their fathers and their grandfathers before them, in cones of volcanic rock which have been hollowed out and made into dwellings, churches and storerooms for food.

The picture in the center of the page shows a typical Zanguezurian home, with the lady of the house busy about her domestic affairs. The weather-beaten spike of rock in which she and her family live was left like that countless centuries ago when the wind and the weather eroded the lava which flowed down the slopes of some long extinct fiery mountain.



A Typical Cone Dwelling, Which Affords Protection From the Weather and Which is Cozily Furnished.

Beggar-Princess Sent to Jail

VIENNA.

A TRAGEDY that reads like the most fantastic fiction was revealed the other day when a magistrate sentenced one Marie Biegtcheff to seven months in prison for trying to pawn a \$40 sewing machine she had borrowed from a woman acquaintance.

Most of the people in the courtroom did not know the unkempt middle-aged woman, though some of them recognized her as a person they had seen begging on the streets of the capital—but the magistrate knew her and the newspapers devoted columns to the story of her unhappy life.

Marie Biegtcheff, it turned out, is none other than the former wife of a one-time immensely wealthy member of the court of the late Czar Nicholas of Russia. Her husband was Prince Biegtcheff, a captain in the Muscovite army, and the Princess, because of her extraordinary beauty and wit, was the pet of the royal court.

When the revolution broke the Prince and his wife barely managed to escape with their lives. For a time they lived on the bounty of friends in Constantinople. When they were reduced to utter poverty the Prince disappeared and the woman, who was once the toast of the Russian court, swallowed her pride and, at last, resorted to begging in the streets.

Because she was a native of Austria, the Turkish police deported her to this city, where, suffering from physical and mental illness, she fell into the habit of taking morphine. It was while she was under the effects of this drug that she attempted to sell the sewing machine and was arrested on complaint of the owner.

Viennois newspaper editors discovered in their files hundreds of clippings attesting to the prominence of Marie Biegtcheff in the days before the World War. Wherever she went—Paris, London, the smart resorts and watering places of the Continent—she was feted because of her beauty, her high social position—and her husband's wealth.

Broken, sick and discouraged, the beggar-princess made no protest when the police led her from the courtroom to a prison cell.

Did This Inspire a Popular Song?



Many Song Writers Winter In Florida, and Are Inspired by the Climate to Write Ditties and Ballads. "Sweetie Pie" Is the Name of a Popular Song of the Moment, and It May Well Have Been Inspired by the Pretty Girls Shown in the House Pic. Fashioned as an Attraction at the Debutantes' Hop in Miami. As a Matter of Fact, "Sweetie Pie" Was Written Long Before This Event, But One Wonders if the Composer Bestowed the Title After Witnessing This Fiesta.

The 5 Shilling Decision That Made Him the Lord Mayor

LONDON.

THE other day Sir Stephen Kilik was made Lord Mayor of the British capital with two days of traditional pomp and ceremony. Attendees dressed him in the lavish vestments and jewels that go with that high office. He rode through the streets in a golden coach only a little less ornate than the coach in which the King and Queen ride on state occasions. He was wine and dined. Some of the biggest men of the realm lauded his character and his ability in eloquent speeches—but Sir Stephen, as he listened to these words of praise, let his thoughts wander back to his boyhood and to a day when he fingered five hard-earned shillings and pondered a decision which, he says, had a great deal to do with his election to the Lord Mayor's job.

"I was twelve years old then," said Sir Stephen, "and already I had the idea in my head that I wanted some day to be Lord Mayor of London. I knew that hard work was the only way to achieve that dream and that it would have a lot of study and labor to make me fit for the position."

"By the greatest frugality I had managed to save five shillings out of my pay as an office boy. I had the temptation to spend that money for pleasure instead of for something that would improve my mind and I stood in a bookshop looking at a book that I ought to read. I thought of the holiday I could enjoy with five shillings—and almost weakened. Then I remembered that having fun was no preparation for the position to which I aspired—and I handed the money to the book-seller before I had time to change my mind."

London's new Lord Mayor is not naive

enough to think that the buying of one book assured him of his ambition, but he does believe that the habit of spending his money for self improvement, instead of for frivolous enjoyment, was definitely established with that decision made some sixty years ago.

Ever since his boyhood Sir Stephen has been a great admirer of Dickens and his library has at least one copy of every book that Charles Dickens ever wrote. When he was planning the Lord Mayor's Show—which every newly installed Lord Mayor has to provide for the amusement of his constituents—he happily decided to stage a sort of Dickensian pageant in which some of that celebrated author's best known characters were brought dramatically to life.

At the end of the show Sir Stephen spoke to the assemblage and told them about the five-shilling decision.

"Ever since I was a boy," he said, "I dreamed of becoming Lord Mayor of London. I am only human and I must confess that, although it took me more than half a century to get what I wanted, I am delighted that my dream has been realized. I'll try to do the job well."

Twins Exact Duplicates

DOROTHY and Eleanor Fairbanks—the young women in the photograph at the left—look so much alike that their friends in Independence, Missouri, never are quite sure which is which. In fact Mother Nature made them so much alike in appearance and in manner that their own parents have quite a time of it distinguishing Dorothy from her twin sister.

Not long ago Dorothy was given the feminine lead in a high school play. She has a flair for dramatics—and so has her sister. So, without letting the audience in on their little joke, both girls learned the part and Eleanor substituted for Dorothy. Not until the girls confessed did anyone guess that the heroine was two persons instead of one.

The girls' father and mother were in the audience—and in on the amusing bit of deception—but they confessed after the performance that they weren't sure whether they were watching Dorothy or Eleanor, or vice versa.

The pretty twins are exactly the same height and weight. Their hair is precisely the same brunette shade. They walk alike and talk alike. They even think alike, which makes it all but impossible for anyone, except themselves, to decide who's who.



Misses Dorothy and Eleanor Fairbanks, Twins of Independence, Mo., Who Are Said to Be Exact Duplicates, and Who Remain, Even As They Grow Up, a Puzzle to Parents and Friends, Who Find It Almost Impossible to Tell One From the Other.



The New Lord Mayor of London—Sir Stephen Kilik, Who Began His Career as an Office Boy, but Even When a Mere Child Had Made Up His Mind That Some Day He Would Be Named to the High Office.

The Unexpected Punishment for the Pretty Husband-Killer

Beauty Prize Winner Who Shot Millionaire Nixon-Nirdlinger and Was Freed by the French Courts Finds the Pistol Shots That Cut Off Her Rich Husband's Life Also Cut Off the Rich Income She Expected to Enjoy



Nixon-Nirdlinger's Christmas Card Before His Wife Shot Him. The Little Upper Circle Contains a Peppercorn Sketch but With Characters Retained.



A Photograph of Mr. Nixon-Nirdlinger Taken Shortly Before His Wife Killed Him.

"SHE'S shot the goose that laid the golden eggs," the first Mrs. Frederick G. Nixon-Nirdlinger has been quoted as remarking when she read that Charlotte Isobel Nash Nixon-Nirdlinger, third wife of the multimillionaire theatrical man, had taken her gun in hand and made herself a widow.

But nobody else seems to have doubted that the self-made widow would be rolling in wealth for the rest of her days—that is unless something was done to her for that "bump up" in the French Riviera.

"She is too beautiful to be bad!" cried her lawyer at the trial, and a gallant French jury confirmed it by acquitting her of the murder charge on the ground of self-defense.

She returned to America in triumph, able to prove that she was good looking, a good woman, and, as almost everyone supposed, all to the good financially. At last a famous beauty-contest winner had enjoyed good luck instead of bad. As long as a jury had absolved her, she was a widow in just as good legal standing as if her husband had died a natural death and she had tenderly nursed his last moments. The prosecution tried to show that Mr. Nixon-Nirdlinger had just discovered something which made him threaten to change his will. If true that would make his death even more lucky and timely.

The widow had her name changed to Mrs. Charlotte Nash Nixon and these of their two children from Frederick G. Nixon-Nirdlinger, Jr., to Charles Richard Nixon and from Charlotte Lena Nixon-Nirdlinger to Charlotte Nixon. This did not mean that Mrs. Nixon had any silly idea of securing the dead man's fortune for herself or children. Just because a wife is so insignificant that she has to divorce or even shoot him is no reason for hating her husband's estate and not taking all the cash she can collect.

With pardonable curiosity, the widow retained a lawyer to look into the affairs of her deceased husband and see just how rich she and the children really were. The longer the lawyer looked, the less he saw coming to his client until finally the fact became evident, after long litigation, that the first Mrs. Nirdlinger had handed down a sound legal opinion from a financial point of view, the shooting of her husband was the unluckiest thing for herself and her two children that Mrs. Nixon could have done.

The dimpled beauty who won the Atlantic City pageant in 1925 as Miss St. Louis and at the same time won the heart of Mr. Nixon-Nirdlinger, chief of the judges, knew when she married him later that two previous wives were living in luxury on his alimony and the two children by his first wife had become young millionaires. These liberal scraps out of his fortune seemed to make no difference because, as his third wife, she lived in the utmost luxury, too.

She understood that part of this

great income came from theatres and securities which he had acquired himself and part from the even greater estate of his father, the late Samuel Nirdlinger, one of the big theatrical pioneers of the United States. To pretty Mrs. Nixon-Nirdlinger it did not seem important that the river of wealth she helped to spend came from two sources. What difference could it make which of her husband's pockets a dollar happened to come from?

Nor that this husband was dead and buried she discovered that it made a lot of difference. To begin with Frederick Nirdlinger, one of the big theatrical pioneers of the United States. To pretty Mrs. Nixon-Nirdlinger it did not seem important that the river of wealth she helped to spend came from two sources. What difference could it make which of her husband's pockets a dollar happened to come from?

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If the deceased had not set aside a trust fund for her, everything would have been all right for Charlotte and the creditors would have been like Uncle Sam and the war debts. For a moment there was a ray of hope. Someone whispered that before his death Frederick had been making such a trust. Investigation proved that he had indeed planned a nice \$100,000 trust but, alas, it had not been for the widow but for Lara McKenna Nixon-Nirdlinger, his second divorced wife. One of his letters reads:

"Lara is the only one in all this world who cares a damn for me and I want her to have it. The trust would have given a life income to Lara only as long as she remained unmarried and then have reverted to Charlotte's two children. Charlotte took her and her babies out of that but she also shot Lara into \$70,000 on a life insurance

policy he-husband had been carrying in favor of that favorite second wife. Besides this, Lara had been fixed for life by large lump sums and a monthly check of \$1,000, which only recently had been reduced to \$750.

If anything is left after settling the debts, Lara is ahead of her successor again. The second wife gets \$20,000 in cash and 43 per cent of the income, the widow only 33 per cent, and her children 10 per cent each.

There was also a policy for \$25,000 in favor of Charlotte's boy and girl. When their mother gave their father "the works," Nixon-Nirdlinger left \$750,000, of which \$300,000 was in life insurance, but debts and claims for other beneficiaries may eat it all up. The widow, used to "ladies first" in everything, was pained to see that she came after all the creditors.

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The Multimillionaire's Self-Made Widow Returning to the United States With Her Two Children After She Was Acquitted by a French Jury.

she remarries or not, but Charlotte signed her dower rights away in an anti-nuptial agreement, which she is trying to have voided on the grounds of fraud, misapprehension and duress. Lara, the second wife, sat idle that legal action with some annoying evidence to show that Charlotte was a gold-digger. There were cables from the beauty queen to her husband like this one:

"You give me \$50,000 paid securities. I don't want let come until received." Another one read: "No quarter. Upon receipt \$50,000 stock land. No marital relations. Chaperoned until married. Love you but must protect myself. If no results from the suit know you don't care. Have trusted you will you trust me, Charlotte."

Letters were also introduced. One of them began:

"Dear, this is not a question of my gold-digging," and went on to ask Frederick not to give everything to Lara but to think of her and the children.

Mrs. Charlotte Nixon Nirdlinger in Bathing Costume, When, as a Beauty Contest Winner, She Won the Multimillionaire's Heart.

The agreement was signed before his fifth and last marriage. Frederick Nixon-Nirdlinger had three wives and he married the last one three times. First there was a secret marriage at Hagerstown, Md., in 1924, then a second, at Paris, in 1925, as a sort of present around Christmas time. In 1926 they were divorced but rewed again, in 1928. It was before this last ceremony that the anti-nuptial pact was signed. It specifies in part:

"This agreement is and is intended to be in lieu of and in full satisfaction of dower rights or rights allowed to widows under the laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, or of any other state."

The anti-nuptial agreement continues by saying that Charlotte releases her right to take action against any will that he might make to dispose of his property, that she may dispose of his property with no dower rights for her. That if he does so, that she admits and knows that he is wealthy and is fully informed of his possessions, income, assets and liabilities, and that she will return the \$50,000 which he paid her previously.

It goes on to say that "she shall not use rouge, paint, any colored lipstick, mascara or makeup of any kind excepting face powder and cold cream. She further agrees not to use tobacco in any manner, shape or form, and not to smoke cigarettes."

A further stipulation is that Charlotte must not absent herself from Frederick without his consent, as long as the marriage vows are fulfilled; that she must live with him in any house that he shall select and in any place he chooses. He states that he will give her \$2,000 a year while they are together as husband and wife, for dress, jewelry, underwear, shoes, upkeep, etc. This renews at his death. Also, in case he defaults on the payment of this \$2,000, she is not to think she can break

her part of the agreement in any way, and if he owes her any part of the money at his death, she is not to protest or complain about it. He is to leave her a 25% income in his estate, only as long as she remains unmarried, and he may give up to \$100,000 outright in bequests to others.

Charlotte is trying to shoot a few legal holes in that compact so that if there is anything in the estate she can collect her widow's mite in a lump sum without any non-marrying string tied to it, in case she should find some worthy man who is not gun-shy. When his wife's bullets ended Frederick's life and life-tenancy, that 25% interest was diverted away from the shooter, her children, past Lara the favorite but childless wife, to John Frederick Zimmerman Nixon-Nirdlinger and Samuel Frederick E. Nixon-Nirdlinger, sons of Mrs. Teasie Burke Nixon-Nirdlinger, the first wife.

Lara was the husband's favorite, which was profitable. But Teasie was the favorite of her father-in-law, which was even better. She was an actress in "Princess Bonnie," a show produced by the late Frederick, and she remained married to him until he died. She was with him the two years and then with a divorce, in 1906. Grandpa Samuel Nirdlinger left a 33% life-tenancy to be divided between the grandsons, which with the 25% added by the shooting of their father brings it up to 62%, while the other pair of grandchildren, their half brothers and sisters get almost nothing.

Teasie herself won the grandest break of all. Old Samuel evidently did not think his only son had treated her right. So he promoted her from his daughter-in-law to real daughter by adopting her and left her the same 25% life-tenancy as ex-husband's revenue. If she died, it would terminate if she ever remarried. Teasie did not remarry and is living happily in California, still collecting.

Besides the possibility of breaking that anti-nuptial agreement and perhaps getting at least something out of her father-in-law's estate, there is another rather remote sort of financial hope for Charlotte. Should Samuel and Frederick, the fortunate sons of the late Frederick, both die without children, their 62% would revert to Charlotte's unfortunate children who would doubtless take care of their unfortunate father. However, these two glided youths, though children, are young and healthy.

Charlotte, with her two pretty, blond children, is living in a humble apartment in St. Louis, the town whose name she bore in triumph at the Atlantic City Pageant. She is a sad and puzzled widow, and she wonders how it can be that she, the only "sad widow" of a very rich man, is in poverty while her husband's two "grass widows" enjoy everything that wealth can buy.

The first two did so much better by divorcing than the third did by shooting and yet, Charlotte had followed their example and divorced him right because when she agreed to remarry him she signed the anti-nuptial pact which now annoys her, and finally divorced him with a gun—though in self-defense, as the French court agreed.

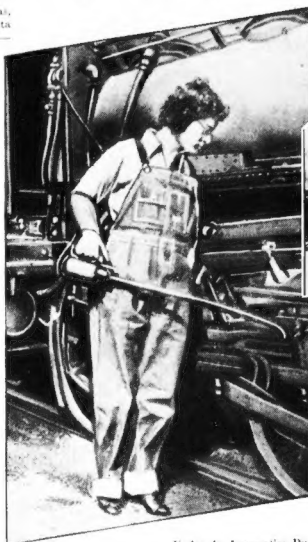
Girl, 14, Engineer, Runs Shortest Railroad

THE people of Augusta, Arkansas, are mighty proud of the Augusta Tramway & Transfer Company—the shortest railroad in the country. They point with pride to the single mile of track which connects their community with the Missouri Pacific to the south and to the somewhat antiquated locomotive that pulls cars loaded with cotton from their fields to the main line. But they are much prouder of 14-year-old Joyce Short, who, when she is not in school, sits in the cab of the 22-ton locomotive and handles the throttle with all the skill of a veteran engineer.

Engineer Short is no novice who runs the engine for a lark. She is a real railroad "man" and knows her "iron horse" from stem to stern. When this piece of rolling stock has to go into the roundhouse for repairs she is on the job with wrench and oil can and does not have to be told what to do.

Joyce came by her interest in railroading naturally. Her grandfather has been with the A. T. & T. going on to 35 years. For five years he was conductor and for the past 29 years he has been engineer—when his able granddaughter isn't in the cab. Her father, who died in 1922, also worked for the road.

John Short, her grandfather, hoped that he would have a grandson who could carry on the family tradition, and he was a happy man when Joyce came to him and begged to be allowed to learn all there is to learn about running America's shortest railroad. At first he was skeptical, but he gave the girl a chance and she took to locomotives as a



The Augusta Train Which Young Joyce Runs Over Its One-Mile Roundhouse. When Not Running the Train, the Girl Works in Repair Work.

Joyce Short, the 14-Year-Old Locomotive Engineer, Oiling a Piston Under the Locomotive During One of Its Stops.

duck takes to water. For months she worked in the roundhouse and actually seemed to enjoy coming home at night covered with oil and

soot. To the surprise of the men employed by the road, she revealed genuine mechanical ability and learned the construction of a locomotive as

well as she did her lessons at school. When her grandfather thought she knew enough about an engine to sit at the throttle he took her in the cab with him and showed her all the tricks of driving an "iron horse" with a string of cars behind it. He showed her how to get the most out of the machine, how to ease it around curves and all the other tricks that engineers have to know to hold their jobs. Then he let the youngster demonstrate what she had learned. After a few runs up and down the mile of track with her grandfather standing by in case she made any mistakes, Joyce was allowed to pilot the engine alone and, she is now a full-fledged engineer.

The schoolgirl is a perfectly normal young woman with a flair for railroading. She is a smart student and likes to swim, dance, drive a car and go to parties. But her first love is her locomotive and she will break any date, willingly, when a call comes for her to go down to the railroad yard

and take a string of cars down to New Augusta, where the A. T. & T. joins the Missouri Pacific.

"It's lots more fun than lessons," says the country's youngest engineer, "and it's the truth that I'd rather run an engine than eat. Just why the job fascinates me—oh, I don't know, but it does, and I would like nothing better than to graduate from our little railroad and some day drive a big locomotive over one of the country's big railway systems."

I don't suppose I'll ever get a chance to do that, however, because the time hasn't arrived when women can hope to hold such positions. The builders of the little railroad probably would turn over in their graves if they could see a slender girl in her teens driving a locomotive over the tracks they laid 47 years ago. In those days the road carried passengers

Joyce Short Off Duty. She Says She'd Rather Run the Engine Than Go to High School, or, for That Matter, She'd Rather Be at the Throttle Than at the Dining Room Table.



as well as freight, but the owners did not have enough money to buy an engine and the cars were pulled by mules. The passenger coach was a second-hand trolley car which had seen service on the streets of St. Louis.

Chewing for Exercise

ALL goodlooking and fastidious women are very careful what they do with their faces in public. At the table they do not open their mouths too wide. They chew with a minimum of jaw action. Even when they are engaged in conversation they are mindful of their comeliness and do not indulge in extravagant facial contortions which might, in a manner of speaking, throw their pleasing contours out of line.

In the privacy of the boudoir, however, such precautions do not have to be taken—and as the photograph at the right shows—Mildred may go in for chewing exercises which some experts believe will enhance her beauty by making the muscles of the face and neck firmer and a smoother foundation for the skin.

The young woman in the picture—her name is Miss Helen Grimm—is demonstrating, with the assistance of a skillful cameraman, five consecutive positions in the so-called chewing exercise.

At the right of the picture the young woman is arching her neck and opening her mouth wide. This exercises the muscles of the neck and of the cheeks. While holding her head in this position she opens and closes her mouth several times, alternately tensing and relaxing the face muscles. The maneuver is said to be an effective way of filling out hollow cheeks and of reducing lines about the mouth, if any.

As the "patient" moves the head forward, the mouth is gradually closed, until in the fifth position—at the left of the composite photograph—the face muscles are completely relaxed and in their normal state.

The exercise may be done slowly or rapidly, depending on the individual, but it is recommended that the five positions be combined in one continuous action and the head moved back and forth as the mouth is alternately opened and closed.

The graphic illustration of how the exercise should be done was made with a high speed camera.



Animated Photograph of Helen Grimm, Demonstrating How One May Chew Her Way to Beauty. The Exercise, She Says, Stimulates the Facial Muscles. The Photograph Shows the Five Essential Positions in the Exercise Routine.

Australia's Drilling Champs

It all started when the newspapers in Brisbane, Australia, reported that a watchmaker named Grimsom had taken a common pin and drilled a hole through it from head to point. When the delicate job was finished the watchmaker threaded a hair through the hole just to prove that he had accomplished the difficult feat.

The news got around to the Melbourne Engineering School and one Mr. Morfield went into the laboratory, fitted a jeweler's glass in one of his eyes and went to work on a smaller pin than the one used by the watchmaker. In 12 minutes he had drilled a perfect hole through the tiny object. Then, just to go the watchmaker one better, he fitted a smaller pin inside the hole and drilled a hole in that.

This stunt also was reported in the newspapers. Members of the engineering school expressed the opinion that there was no one in the world who could surpass their Mr. Morfield when it came to fine drilling. He had the equipment, the patience and the skill to perform minor mechanical miracles. When Watchmaker Grimsom read this he set himself down to his bench, made a few special tools and got busy. For days he didn't touch a watch and his shop was closed to patrons. When he emerged he had a little box in his hand. The box was filled with cotton and on this pad was what looked like a pin of extremely small size. This pin had a hole through it. In the hole was another pin. This second pin also had a hole in it—and this hole was filled with a pin almost too small to be seen with the naked eye.

Such rivalry in apparently useless achievements thrives all over the world. The stunt of engraving long prayers on the head of a pin has been done repeatedly. There is in existence also a needle made centuries ago for a queen. It contains 99 smaller needles, each inside of the one next larger in size. But such delicate work as that of the Brisbane watchmaker would be impossible without ultra modern tools.

Curious Baby + Clock + Hammer—What's the Answer?

MOST youngsters will abandon their toys and picture books for a clock. They seem to be born with an instinct to find out what makes the timekeeper tick. If it is an alarm clock, go to work on the gadgets that turn the hands and regulate the alarm. And if a hammer and a screwdriver are provided, the average child will, in a surprisingly short time, dismantle a clock and so scramble

its parts that even an expert watchmaker would have trouble getting the thing together again.

The photographs below comprise a sort of movie strip showing the usual procedure when child and clock are brought together. The young lady is Miss Beverly Muritz, of Los Angeles. In the picture at the extreme left her interest is aroused and she is turning the clock over in her hands before attacking it in an attempt to discover just what makes that pleasant noise.

In the next picture she has found her way into the mystery and is having the time of her life unsnapping cog wheels, levers and assorted odds and ends.

The third "shot" of little Beverly shows the clock in an advanced state of disintegration and the youthful mechanic is puzzling over what she can do next to reduce the object to its lowest terms. Of course, the clock has long since lost its tick and is in such a state that the bell, intended to arouse sound sleepers, can't be made to ring.

But there are still shiny bits of metal that revolve and jiggle and the novice mechanic wants these out of the clock and scattered on the floor where they can be looked at and handled.

Taking clocks apart is tiresome work, even for grownups who know their business, and much more so for young amateurs who have quite a time of it unscrewing wheels and prying off rods and things. Hence, little Miss Beverly's sudden decision to take a nap.



"Ah! The alarm clock mystery! This is something that needs to be solved."



"Well, now, that hammer and screwdriver put me on the right track. There's something in this."



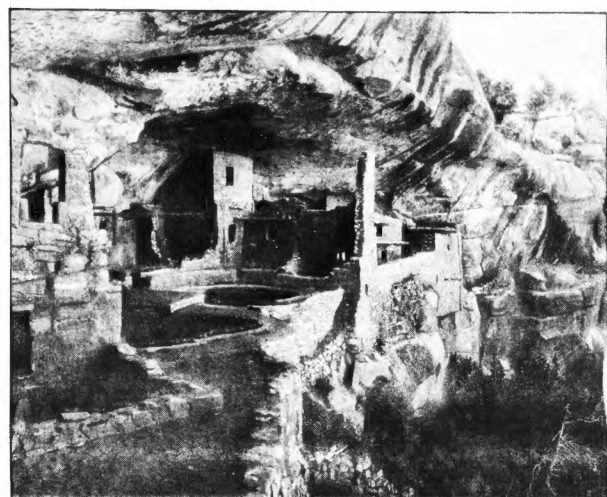
"These must be the works. Wheels and springs. It's all clear now. So that's what makes it tick!"



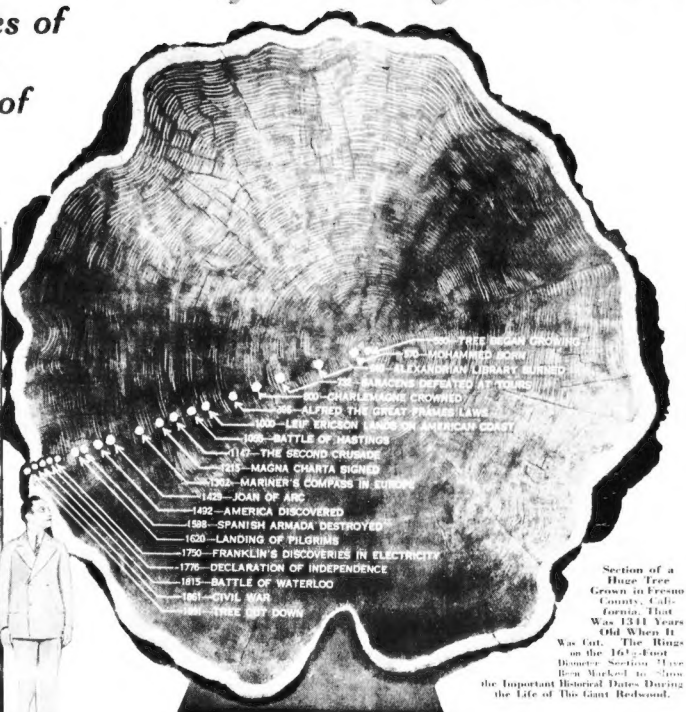
"Put it together again? Ho-hum. No fun in that, besides, I'm too tired. I'll look it over later."

Tree Rings Solve Archeological Mysteries

Scientific Detectives Learn the Dates of Ancient Civilizations By Scraps of Wood Used in the Construction of Buildings that Were Erected Before the Dawn of History



The Ruins of a Race of Prehistoric Cliff Dwellers Who Lived in Southwest Colorado Centuries Ago. Archeologists Have Been Able to Tell the Dates of Such Buildings Were Erected Through the New Study of Tree Ring Science.



Section of a Huge Tree Grown in Fresno County, California, That Was 1341 Years Old When It Was Cut. The Rings Showed the Growth of the Tree During the Important Historical Dates During the Life of This Giant Redwood.

A FEW weeks ago, at Flagstaff, Arizona, a group of scientific enthusiasts met to organize a new science, the science of dated tree rings. Already this science has made notable contributions to astronomy, to geology, to weather science, and to knowledge of the prehistoric Indians of the United States.

To world history tree rings promise the thing historians always have sought in vain, a definite series of dates for events that happened in the ancient past.

Nobody knows exactly when Moses lived, just when Abraham left the land of the Chaldeans to go to Palestine or exactly when civilization began in Egypt. The Biblical story of the Garden of Eden probably represents a memory of some ancient and favorable home of mankind, but no one knows where it was nor when the ancestors of modern races abandoned it. Nor why. Even the dates in the early history of Rome or those marked by the first invasions of the Hellenic race into Greece are not known with certainty.

In ancient times each nation kept its own calendar, usually based on the years of reigns of its various kings. Most of these records have been lost. Those which survive are so confused that historians often cannot interpret them. A list of dates would stretch out thousands of historical mysteries, perhaps including the mystery of the origin of civilization. Dated tree rings already have provided such a list for nearly a hundred of the ancient Pueblo villages, occupied by Indians in the southwestern part of the United States centuries before the coming of Columbus. They promise to do the same for world history, once the methods worked out in America have been extended to other continents.

Nearly thirty years ago it occurred to Prof. A. E. Douglass of the University of Arizona that variations from year to year in the thickness of the annual growth rings on tree trunks might furnish valuable information about past weather and past cycles of sunspots.

The rings are found to vary in thickness from year to year and these variations are related to changes of weather. There seemed, however, to be a serious limitation about work of this kind. It was obvious that these rings could be dated only as far back as the past as the tree had lived. Counting backward from the last ring just underneath the bark, the student of the rings could determine the date when the tree first began to grow and might locate years of heavy rainfall or of drought since that year, but that was all. What had happened before the tree started growing could not be learned, or so it seemed at the time.

Out in California there are still growing a few giant trees, the so-called

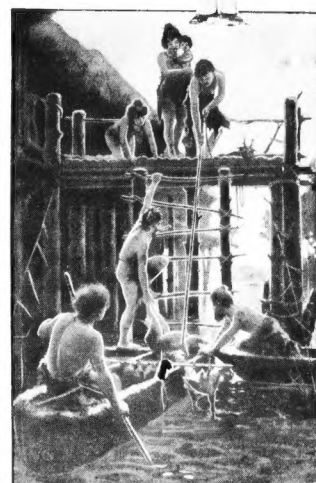
Big Trees. On counting rings on these trees, either on thin cores bored out of the trees or on the stumps of trees which had been cut down, Professor Douglass, Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale and other scientists were able to trace back some of the tree records for nearly four thousand years, for the Big Trees are as unusual in age as they are in size. However, these Big Trees grow only in the single State of California, where no history of world importance is associated. The curves of Big Tree growth calculated by Professor Huntington have been of considerable value in studies of past weather but little else.

This historical idea came through a remarkable discovery by Professor Douglass, that of tree ring signatures. More than ten years ago Professor Douglass noticed that on some tree trunks certain definite sequences of rings occurred again and again. One of the most famous of these consists of two very narrow rings, a wide ring, another moderately narrow ring, a very wide ring and finally two extremely narrow rings. Finding this sequence on tree after tree growing in the same neighborhood naturally suggested that the sequence was related to some general condition of tree growth.

Professor Douglass soon proved that it is, the relation being to sequences of wet and dry years in the local weather. Two dry years were responsible for the two very narrow rings with which the sequence mentioned began. Then there was a wet year, responsible for the wider ring. A dry year, a wet year and another dry year followed after this, producing the further succession of wide ring and narrow ones.

The next step was the discovery that these sequences or signatures could be identified on tree trunks cut down long ago. Suppose, for example, that in a certain region a certain sequence of rings has been dated, by means of growing trees, as occurring a century ago. Suppose, then, that this same sequence is found in a tree trunk used in an old house or accidentally buried underground and preserved. This identified sequence provides a date for the older tree record, so that all the rings of this record can be dated, just as dates can be assigned to each ring in a tree that is still alive.

Trees in Arizona usually do not live more than a hundred years or so, but century by century many of the Arizona trees were cut down by the Indians and built into structures of various kinds, such as the famous stone apartment houses at Pecos in which the partly civilized Indians of the Southwest still were living when the country was invaded by the Spaniards. Accordingly, Professor Douglass and his associates went around digging out parts of these ancient beams or even



One of the Most Important Archeological Discoveries of Recent Years Was the Location of a Prehistoric Lake Dwelling Village in Switzerland, a Reconstruction of Which Is Shown in the Drawing Above Through the Advance of Tree Ring Science It Was Possible to Tell Just When This Unknown Civilization Was Erected.

bits of charred left when the beams had been burnt, and counting and measuring the tree rings which could be found.

Bit by bit the story was pieced together. Starting with trees still alive and identifying sequences of rings in them, these sequences then were identified in older trunks. These yielded, in turn, the record has been pushed back to 643 A. D. In every century one or more identified ring sequences are known, each a verifiable signature of the series of years which made it, like the signature of a human being.

More than half a million individual tree rings have been measured, belonging to more than 5,000 trees from many parts of the Southwest. The oldest spot in the United States which has been continuously inhabited has been identified as the Indian Pueblo of Oraibi, Arizona, which was founded in 1770. A volcanic eruption which occurred long ago from a volcano now extinct near the town of Flagstaff has been discovered and dated approximately. Records of a great catastrophe which overwhelmed the Pueblo Indian communities between 1275 and

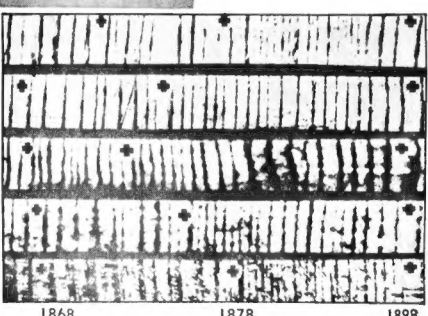
now entirely vanished are also in America when this ancient race occupied the continent. Some experts think that all this was only a few thousand years ago. Others think that it may have been as long ago as 100,000 years. As the tree ring dating is pushed further back this dispute may be solved, perhaps with important light on the whole mysterious business of the continent's human past.

Already a beginning has been made in extending the tree ring science to other continents in the form of several series of measurements made by Professor Douglass and his pupils on tree sections collected in Sweden and Germany. It has been proved that the idea of signatures identifying definite series of years applies to the European trees just as it does to those in the United States. It is only a matter of time, therefore, until there will be similar series of dates for European countries.

A few months ago workmen digging on the streets of Moscow to build the new Soviet subway discovered ancient wooden pipes, presumably belonging to some primitive water system used when Moscow was the village capital of a small Slavic principality. Nobody knew just how old these pipes were or when

1299, in the form of what seems to have been the word drought, ever experienced on this continent, have been identified clearly in the tree rings, and confirmed by dates at which the Pueblos were abandoned, one by one as the drought apparently drove the Indians away.

Further back in North American history than the record now extends there still are many historical mysteries to be solved. Before the Indians lived in America the continent seems to have been inhabited by another race, using a different kind of weapons and perhaps of some entirely different origin. Many mounds, ground mounds, extinct types of buffalo and other animals



Shavings From Five Arizona Pine Trees, Showing How Marked Peculiarities and Weather Conditions Similarly Affect the Growth Rings of All Trees in the Same Area. The Lines of Growth Indicate the Rings Grown During the Years Marked at the Bottom. Broad Rings Recording Favorable Weather, Narrow Rings Bad Years.

they had been laid. Had a series of dated tree rings been available in Moscow, this might have been determined. Recently a complete Viking ship was discovered in Sweden. Its wooden planks, showing the tree rings of the years just before it was built, probably would have provided a date for it and thus for the metal weapons and other cultural objects which were found with it.

Centuries ago in Switzerland people lived in pile dwellings, built over the water on piles driven into the lake bottom. Something happened to drive these people out, no one knows just when or how. It may have been the change to a colder and drier climate when, some experts believe, happened in Europe about three thousand years ago and is recorded in the German legends of the "Twilight of the Gods," when fog and cold fell on mankind and ended the happier times. There is little doubt that Professor Douglass' method of tree ring dating could be applied to the piles used in building these lake villages and thus would provide definite dates for some of the most important events in ancient European history.

Professor Huntington and other students of past climate already have suggested that the Plagues of Egypt recorded in the Bible were caused by a period of drought, just as the drought of the past two years is believed by sanitary experts to have been responsible for minor outbreaks of disease in many parts of the world. No one knows, however, just when the Plagues of Egypt happened or just when it was that Moses led the Children of Israel from Egypt. Tree ring science applied to trunks of ancient Egyptian trees might time the drought and plagues exactly and thus provide one

more firm date for Biblical history. Wooden articles often are found in Egyptian tombs, such as the magnificent wooden furniture in the tomb of Tutankhamen. Studies of the tree rings in these woods might yield new historical facts of extreme importance.

No historical problem is more interesting than that of the Garden of Eden. The story of this Garden told in the Bible is believed to have come from a much more ancient story recorded by the Babylonians. They probably represented myths of the land occupied by the ancient Sumerians, the race which migrated into Babylonia some six or seven thousand years ago and started the whole Babylonian civilization. Geologists are inclined to agree that some eight or ten thousand years ago, the desert central part of Asia was a fertile and pleasant land, much the kind of place which the stories of the Garden of Eden describe. This is evident, too, that the mysterious Sumerians came from somewhere east of Babylonia, perhaps from Central Asia.

Here is hidden the first great chapter of human civilization, a chapter which no historian or archeologist yet has been able to read. Application of the science of dated tree rings to the various pieces of tree trunks found in Babylonian and Central Asian sites might tell exactly where the real Garden of Eden was and when and why mankind was driven out of it.

If the successes of the students of dated tree rings in uncovering the lost history of Indian communities in the Southwest is any indication of what the future elsewhere, the world's historian have been presented by this new science with a novel and valuable tool.

Young Mr. Fromberg's "Cloistered and Secluded" Life

It Is a Moving Tale of Innocence Beguiled By Woman's Wiles
He Tells, But His Bride Asks the Court
to Take a Look at Those Pictures She
Says He Gave Her

SUPREME COURT, NEW YORK COUNTY
MORTON FROMBERG, an infant, by
JENNIE FROMBERG, his guardian
as litigant. Plaintiff.
MIRIAM FROMBERG, also known
as MIRIAM GOODMAN. Defendant.

MIRIAM FROMBERG, being duly sworn, deposes and says:
At the outset, my husband attempts to picture to this court,
and leave the impression that he is a physical wreck, run down, and an unpopu-
lar boy, and that I, being a woman of the world, inveigled him into marry-
ing me.
At this point, I want to answer to this affidavit the water of 1935.
These pictures were taken in Florida during the winter of 1935.
The court will readily note that my husband is in good physical condition, and is
not the run down emaciated child that he attempts to portray himself, and does
not appear to be the type who lived a "cloistered and secluded life" up to the
time he met me.

"A pallid and thin young man.
A haggard and lank young man.
A greenery-gallery, grove-venor Gal-
lery.
Foot-in-the-grave young man."

THIS verse, sung by Bunthorne, in
Gilbert and Sullivan's famous
comic opera "Patience," or "Bun-
thorne's Bride," fits the description
of himself, given by young Mr. Morton
Fromberg, silk heir, in a recent New
York Court comedy which might be
entitled, "Did He Fall or Was He
Pushed?"

Mrs. Miriam Buchwald Fromberg,
aged 22, says he fell hard for her at
first sight and, without any coercion or
coaxing, led her right up to the justice
of the peace who married them.

But Morton, who is 20, pleads that
he is frail, had lived a "cloistered life"
in boys' schools, was innocent and ig-
norant about women when he met her,
that she got him intoxicated and pushed
him into matrimony before he under-
stood what was happening.

Then he woke up to find they had
nothing in common but sinus trouble,
which is of no value to anybody but a
nose-and-throat doctor. So they ran
into court and really ought to have
sung that duet of Bunthorne and Jane,
which goes:

"Sing 'Boon to you—pooh, pooh to
you!'
Sing 'Bah to you—ha! ha! to you!'
Sing 'Hey to you—good day to
you!'"

The plot of the comedy is that Mor-
ton is suing Miriam for annulment
while she is contending it and suing her
mother-in-law, Mrs. Jennie Fromberg,
for \$100,000, alienation-of-affections
damages. A novel touch is that the
unwedded bride says that her husband's
mama told her that Morton, besides
having one foot in the grave, or at
least one sinus, was a morose about
women and did not know what he was
doing when he married her. Parsifal, Wa-
gner's highly respected character, was
called the "pure fool," who would
mean about the same thing, but Miriam
thought it reflected on her and sued
the mother-in-law.

"You'd scarce expect one of my
age
To speak in public on the stage."

If this is dramatized into a musical
comedy, perhaps Morton's affidavit will
begin with those words and the
actual ones are not far different in
thought. The affidavit reads:

"I was born in July, 1914. I wish
to submit all the facts which led to
this marriage, which I seek to annul
on the ground of fraud and deceit. I
will set forth with some degree of de-
tail the history of my life up to the
time of my marriage, in order to con-
vince this Court of the state of my
mind at the time of the marriage and
the limited experience of life that I
had, having lived a cloistered and se-
cluded life up to the time of this mar-
riage, so that what happened at or
about the time of my marriage, induc-
ing me to enter into this marriage con-
tract, was not such a difficult matter
for the type of woman with the wide
experience had by my wife.
"I will attempt to show that my
experience in life had been none, but by

reason of a previous
marriage of the de-
fendant (Mrs. From-
berg) and her habits
of living—at an
apartment at No. 10
Park Avenue, in
rather fashionable
style, without any
visible means of sup-
port, indicative of
the wide experience
in life of the de-
fendant, particularly
in the handling of men,
that the Court will
observe the atmos-
phere of the parties
hereto at the time
and the date this
marriage was per-
formed.

"In 1920 I en-
tered a school at
Tarrytown on the
Hudson, which was
a private boys' school,
and I stayed there
until I finished the
elementary grades.
Thereafter I was
transferred to the
Roosevelt Mil-
lery Academy, which
was in the Fall of 1923, where I
stayed for two
years.

"Due to ill health involving a sinus
and rheumatic condition, at the age of
9, I was left in a frail physical con-
dition. I was compelled to leave New
York and go to Arizona, where I was
treated by various physicians. I lived
in Arizona for about two years.

"From there I was sent to the San
Diego Army and Navy Academy in
Pacific Beach. During this period of
time I was trying to obtain some
education in a cloistered and secluded
schooling. I was very sick.

"After convalescing for a period of
time, I was sent to a private school in
New York State, and while there was
under the observation of doctors for
my weak physical condition, at the
same time attempted to obtain an edu-
cation.

"During this time, I went to the Ray-
mond Rindard School at Highland,
N. Y., and while there cloistered and
secluded, I was sent to New York
in all my schools. I was compelled to
go back to Arizona, where I spent most
of 1922 until my return to New York.
I was sent to Florida for my health.

"For the first time, which was about
the Spring of 1924, I found myself in
such physical and mental state as to be
able to do something worth while. I
therefore went to Grotto, near Boston,
where I might learn the silk business.
While there at Grotto I stayed at a
lodge and while at this place I met the
defendant.

"During my entire life up to this
period I spent my time either in hospi-
tals, under the care of physicians, or
in secluded and cloistered schools,
where there were no women, but only
boys or young men.

"I respectfully submit that I have
never had any experience with any
woman of any kind, so as to obtain the
learning necessary for any experienced
courtship, as involved in this case.
At this point one can feel a chorus



A Portion of
Young Mr.
Fromberg's Affidavit
and the Three Pho-
tographs of Her Youthful Husband
Who Made a Part of It to Prove He
Was Not an "Unpopu-
lar Boy."



Morton and His Wealthy Mama, Mrs. Jen-
nie Fromberg. Whom Morton Is Suing
for \$100,000.

ready to sing:
"He sees them from
afar
But he doesn't know
what they are,
The Gerties and
Myrtles.
The skirties and
flirties."
He should have asked
Mama."

"The circumstances
of the meeting of the
defendant were as fol-
lows," the complaint
continues:
"A married man was
engaged in a secret
love affair with a young lady. The
defendant was that young lady's
friend, associate and companion. I
learned that the defendant lived at No.
10 Park Ave., but was rather surprised
to learn that the defendant was not
married, as she was able to maintain the
apartment in style."

"His occupation, when she was em-
ployed, was that of manicurist at a
man's barber-shop.
"It seemed to have been the desire
of some of these friends to make con-
tact between the defendant and my-
self, and there came a time, about the
beginning of August, 1924, that the
defendant came up to the lodge with
the aforesaid young lady, and a party
of four was arranged. This party of
four, including myself, spent some time
together during that week-end.
"During this week-end much liquor
was consumed by the party, more par-
ticularly by the defendant. This party of
four was arranged. This party of four,
on the first night that this defendant had
come up to Grotto, I was left alone
with the defendant. As a result of her
encouraging acts and conduct, the de-
fendant and I spent a part of the night



Mrs. Miriam Buchwald
Fromberg, Who Denied
She Forced Morton
Into Marrying Her.

together. I had noticed that evening and
after I had been asleep about half an
hour, I having been in the room up-
stairs, I was awakened and invited to
her room.

"The relationship which had been
encouraged and had been begun by
the conduct of the defendant con-
tinued at intervals, and I met her oc-
casional for the following three
weeks. On the evening preceding the
meeting, I, as this man had been
brought to drink some liquor, and a
substantial amount of liquor was con-
sumed. The details leading up to the
act of the marriage could be best de-
scribed as acts of a juvenile of im-
maturity, weakness, and under the
influence of liquor and by the con-
duct of the defendant. I was not aware
about 1 week in the morning, be-
tween the onset and the consummation
of the act was desecrated. I was in
the home of a justice of peace at
Harrison, N. Y. My mother did not

know and did not consent to this mar-
riage."

Mr. Fromberg might have finished
his affidavit with a sprightly song and
danced having the following chorus:
"She's a tramp, he now has found,
Her tastes underground."

When Ma was not around."

And it would have been cute if Mir-
iam had sung a little ditty with the
refrain:
"Fresh from the cloister,
He's my mystery."

"With my harp I'll open him."

But, her lawyer, Mr. Bernard H.
Sandler, of No. 225 Broadway, pre-
ferred a contrary line of humor, sub-
stituting for his client the following
answer:

"At the outset, my husband attempts
to picture to this court, and leave the
impression that he is a physical wreck,
run down, and an unpopular boy, and
that I, being a woman of the world,
inveigled him into marrying me. To
the contrary, he is a fine physical spec-
imen of manhood, about six feet tall
and weighs at least 150 pounds. During
the time that I knew him, and before
we were married, he often bragged to
me about his conquest while he was
attending the various private schools
and military academies where he re-
ceived his education. At this point, I
want to answer to this affidavit three
snapshots that were given to me by my
husband.

"These snapshots were taken in Florida
during the Winter of 1935. The Court
will readily note that my husband is in
good physical condition, and is not the
run down emaciated child that he at-
tempts to portray himself, and does
not appear to be the type who lived a
"cloistered and secluded life" up to the
time he met me."

"To Court these 'snaps' I bring.
It is this 'snaps' which I bring.
Having a Florida fling
That hundred-and-ninety-pound
child."

Morton might even jump up and join
in the chorus:
"That was a blunder, by heck!
That hundred-and-ninety-pound
child."

Right sweetly align us,
"That's a pain in the neck."

"Another statement that my
husband makes concerning me is that
I induced him to drink liquor during
the times that we were in the company
of each other," her affidavit continues.
"When we did attend night clubs or on
occasions that we visited people, drink-
ing was had by both of us, but not to any
excessive point. As a matter of fact,
my husband did not indulge excessively
in liquor because of the fact that he
was afflicted with this condition
and have been warned by my physi-

cians not to drink. In line with their
warning, I have steadily refrained from
drinking. Never was there an occasion
that I, or my husband, drank exces-
sively, and at all times that we were
with each other, we were perfectly
sober and had command of all our
mental faculties. Never did I induce
him to drink and as a matter of fact,
on those occasions that he attempted to
have a second or third drink, I induced
him not to take it because I knew of
the resulting pain that would follow as
a result of the sinus trouble he was
suffering from.

"Not being content with his attempt
to mislead the court concerning him-
self, my husband distorts the truth in
his attempt to blacken my character and
to portray me to this court as being a
woman of loose morals, attempting to
frame him into marrying me. In
furtherance of this endeavor, he states
to the court that I was living in an
apartment at No. 10 Park Avenue in
fashionable style, without having any
visible means of support. At the out-
set, my residence at No. 10 Park Ave-
nue was not an apartment but con-
sisted of one room in an apartment
house, for which I paid \$100 a month.
For the past three years I have
been living in the City of New York
and have been employed as a manicur-
ist. My earnings have been at least
the sum of \$50 per week in connection
with this work. I have earned every
dollar that I spent on myself."

"My husband has attempted, in his
affidavit, to have this court believe
that I compelled him to marry me
against his will. I need only quote
from a post card I received from him:
"Darling, I really should hurry
back to my job on my last go round
Saratoga—now Montreal. Get your
fare—these weeks ready. I am bound
for the West. September 16th.
How about it? Sad? I'll bet
your pining on I will be back soon."

"Does this not indicate what I have
said in my moving papers that my hus-
band had no money, that we got mar-
ried and live in California? In his very
post card he is telling me to get
ready to go to California with him.
"Insofar as my husband's wealth is
concerned, I never knew anything
concerning it until after I married him
and he abandoned me. I did know
that before we were married he was
receiving an income from his mother.
I did not know that he had any in-
terest in his father's estate, or that he
was the recipient of any legacy and
any will of his father. It was only
after he had left me that I learned
of the fact that he was the legatee
under his father's will in a substantial
amount."

Miriam wants \$100 a week tem-
porary alimony, which would have
made Morton close that act by singing
the old song:
"When I was single, my pockets
would jingle,
I wish I were single again."

Where Unhappy Queen Dido Burned Upon Her Pyre

Archeologists Uncover Ancient Carthage's Fashionable Section and Search for the Spot Where Legend Says the Heartbroken Ruler Cast Herself Into the Flames



Some of a Fashionable Woman of the Old City, Showing How She Wore Her Hair, and What the Prevailing Dress-makers Style of the Period Was.

THE spades of archeologists have recently uncovered a whole section of ancient Carthage buried for twenty centuries beneath the African sands. They have revealed the fashionable part of the ancient city where the palace of Queen Dido stood, and where legend says she built her funeral pyre when cruelly deserted by the Trojan hero Aeneas, whom she loved.

The scientists hope to locate this very place, arguing that if the story of her tragic suicide is true, then the Carthaginians would unquestionably have raised a temple or some commemorative structure upon the site, for Dido was the founder and first ruler of Carthage. Perhaps even inscriptions may be found which will shed new light upon the romantic lady.

No ancient city is of greater importance, perhaps, than Carthage. Dido was the first woman, according to Vergil and other authors, who made herself a leader of men. She was the pioneer champion of women's rights. Her affair with the Trojan hero Aeneas was also apparently the first outstanding case of romantic love in history, for the men and women of ancient times usually sought one another for purely practical reasons. Even after Dido's day romantic love did not become usual and it was not until Christian times that the tender sentiment began to dominate humanity.

A gloomy interest attaches also to Carthage from the fact that it was the chief center of the hideous worship of Baal, or Moloch, to whom little children were sacrificed, and that in Roman times hundreds of Christians were martyred in its great amphitheater.

It may seem strange that Carthage should not have been more thoroughly excavated before now, for its site is quite accessible and has been under French control for about a century. The modern buildings on the site form a certain obstacle to excavation. The citadel hill, which was the center of the ancient city, is now occupied by the Cathedral of St. Louis and the Convent of the Holy Fathers.

The latest excavations have revealed pillars, paved streets, houses and buildings almost intact, dating from the Second and Third Centuries A. D. A section of the ancient city overlooking the Gulf of Tunis has been uncovered furnishing an interesting view of daily life as it was lived centuries ago, similar to that enjoyed at Pompeii.

The citadel, known in remote times as the Byrsa, and christened the Hill of St. Louis in the Middle Ages, has a circuit of 1,625 feet. It appears to have been surrounded by several lines of fortifications arising to a height of about 70 feet, a well-preserved battery for catapults, the ancient form of artillery, and a munition magazine. The foundations of the famous Temple of Eshmun, the equivalent of Asclepius, the God of Healing, one of the three ruling divinities of Carthage, have been discovered. The other divinities were Baal and Tanit, the virgin Goddess of the Moon, a form of Astarte.

The famous Queen Dido was originally named Elissa, and was the daughter of Mattan, King of Tyre. She fled with a party of her countrymen from

the tyranny of her brother Pygmalion in 850 B. C. and founded Carthage.

Elissa subsequently received the name Dido, meaning "The Pivotal."

Dido obtained a grant from the local savages of "as much land as could be contained by the skin of an ox," and proceeded to cut the skin into strips narrow enough to extend around the whole hill, which thus obtained the name Byrsa, meaning "skin." The same trick was attributed many centuries later to the Dutch pioneers on Manhattan Island.

The story of Dido has been made most familiar to the world through the Aeneid, which tells the adventures of Aeneas fleeing from the fall of Troy to found the city of Rome. Aeneas had many remarkable adventures. His first landing was at the Island of the Harpies, disgusting birds with the heads of women, long claws and faces pale with hunger. Whenever the Trojans tried to eat, a flock of these odious Harpies came rushing down upon them seizing in their talons the meat from the dishes and flying away with it. Aeneas and his companions drew their swords and dealt vigorous blows among the monsters, but they were so nimble it was almost impossible to hit them.

By good luck, Aeneas and his companions escaped and then went on to the Island of the Cyclopes, ruled by Polyphemus, who had one eye in the middle of his forehead, but this had been put in a tusk. Polyphemus tried to destroy the boats of Aeneas, but they escaped owing to his lack of vision, and went on to the Strait surrounded by the monsters Scylla and Charybdis, where the Trojans lost six men.

After this it was a relief when Aeneas cast anchor in the pleasant harbor of Carthage, ruled by Dido. She begged him to stay and command her armies and cities, but he declined, and went on to the Island of the Cyclopes. Months rolled away in the enjoyment of a long honeymoon and it seemed as if Aeneas had forgotten his mission to found the city of Rome.

Seeing this, Jupiter sent a messenger to Aeneas ordering him to resume his voyage. The blow to Dido's love and pride was more than she could endure, and when she found that Aeneas was really gone she mounted a funeral pyre, which she had ordered prepared, and having stabbed herself was burnt up. The Trojans, and Aeneas, were given some intimation of the fatal event long after, when the Carthaginians discovered it was Vergil's version.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, from the study of classical authorities, has found evidence that Dido killed herself partly to escape the brutality of the savage King Iarbas, who was besieging the city and would have devastated it in



Ruins of the Amphitheatre in Which, During Roman Times, Many Christians Were Martyred.



Assembling the Bones of a Baby Found in an Urn Dug Up in the Temple of the Goddess Tanit at Carthage.

order to gain possession of the beautiful Queen. The modern author, however, more than confirms the most romantic details of the love affair of Dido and Aeneas and makes his description of her appear very shameful. Dido gave it out that Aeneas was to be burned in effigy and summoned her people to watch the ceremony.

"The young men of the court, having heard Aeneas on his way, came with light hearts to witness the ceremony that would blot him from the memory of Carthage."

Aeneas, her sister, was the only woman among the men gathered about the pyre. She held a lighted torch in her hand.

"Some of the dignitaries were amused, others disapproving. This grand gesture of scorn seemed to them unworthy of a great Queen. They were not a dramatic people, and they would have had Dido preserve the cold dignity with which she had ignored Aeneas, even as if he had never shaken the calm tenor of their lives."



The Faithless Aeneas, for Whom Dido Killed Herself, Telling Her the Story of His Escape from Troy. From the Painting by P. Guerin.

"Tadmekak, alone among them, was content with this symbolic extinction of Aeneas. He knew the power exerted over Dido by her imagination. If she believed all memory of that man would be in ashes, with that pyre bearing his sword, shield and mantic, that hateful marriage-bed, in would it be."

"But Dido, to his amusement as well as theirs, instead of taking the torch from Anna, ran up the steps and mounted the marriage-bed. She then laid her veil and lifted the sword. The gold tissue made a halo about her head and the sword flashed in the sun. 'Iarbas is at the gates.' Her clear bell-like tones rang in their ears for the last time. 'He has demanded my hand in marriage and brings a great army to enforce his will. Do you seek to defend your Queen from his lust? He will save the city, and the streets will ring with your blood, your wives and children sold into slavery. There is no time to flee, no way but one to save my city and my people from destruction. Go forth, Tadmekak, son of Hannibal, and tell him that Dido is no more and that you are King of Carthage.'"

And before the stunned, staring crowd below had grasped her meaning she had fallen on the sword. Tadmekak alone had divined her purpose and was halfway up the pyre. But the sword had pierced her heart, and when he flung himself beside her and tore it from her body, the warm blood spurted over his hands. The wild terrified screams of the women drowned his own lamentations.

To that face he was pressing his lips to that face he had loved so long, searching in those glazing eyes for a

last flicker of life, he heard the loud menacing roar beyond the isthmus wall, the cries of people in the streets. He had Dido gently down on her marriage-bed, placed the shield on her breast, and folded the mantle she had woven about her.

"Then he unheathed his own sword and descended the steps at a bound, and folded the mantle she had woven about her. 'I return,' he said to the dumb, horror-stricken men—Anna was prone, leaving her face and hair. 'Iarbas must see her and know she is dead. I will not let the wall and parley with him, and he will enter and leave his army without. Dido died to save Carthage and her people.'"

In spite of the tragedy of Dido, or, perhaps, because of it, Carthage continued to grow in importance. The destruction of Tyre by King Nebuchadnezzar in the first half of the Sixth Century B.C. enabled Carthage to take its place as the first power of the Mediterranean. In the Sixth Century B.C. the rivalry between Carthage and Rome began to show itself. A treaty between them assigned Italian waters to the Romans and the African waters to Carthage. About 480 B.C. Hanno, one of the great Carthaginians, sailed beyond the Pillars of Hercules (Strait of Gibraltar), founded colonies along the west African coast, the present Senegal and Guinea, and even in Madeira and the Canary Islands. The Carthaginians carried on war intermittently for the control of Sicily, and suffered many reverses, but never gave up their hold on the island.

Then came the desperate struggles between Carthage and Rome, known as the Punic Wars. These two powers were fighting for control of the civilized world, and if Carthage had won there would have been no Roman Empire. The Carthaginians won many successes over the Romans, but their victories eventually led to their downfall. A weakness of the Carthaginian system was that they depended largely on mercenary soldiers. Carthage desired to disband her forces, but the mercenaries claimed their pay, pillaged the suburbs and laid siege to the city itself. An unusually brilliant Carthaginian general named Hamilcar caught the mercenaries in a narrow valley and exterminated them.

Queen Dido Upon Her Funeral Pyre After Snatching Herself. From the Painting by the German Artist, C. Zich.

At this time Carthage had a population of 1,000,000, an extraordinary size for a city in ancient times. The second war with Rome broke out and Hannibal, the Carthaginian, considered by many authorities, the greatest military genius of all time, crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, passed through Spain and invaded Italy. He had Rome apparently at his mercy, but for some reason did not profit by his advantage. According to an old legend, he was led astray by the amusement of Capua. The Romans reorganized their army and defeated the Carthaginians.

The vengeance taken by the Romans at Carthage was the most terrible re-creation in history. The last patriots of Carthage extended their throats in the Temple of Eshmun, the site of which is now occupied by the Cathedral of St. Louis. The Romans captured this vast stronghold and were ordered to plunder the city and burn it to the ground. The city was dedicated by the Romans to the infernal gods and people were forbidden to live in the ruined area.

But in spite of this fate, Carthage enjoyed such a favorable situation that in a few years the city was reconstructed and became of importance under the Romans.

Votive stelae, or columns, have been unearthed dedicated to the god Baal, or Moloch, who is represented as an old man with ram's horns on his forehead. The stelae appear with a scythe in his hand. Children were sacrificed to him and in his temple there was a colossal bronze statue, in the arms of which were placed the victims. Within the statue was a furnace. The children slipped one by one into the furnace amid the uproar of the fanatical worshippers.

It is believed from various ancient references that mothers under the influence of superstitious or terror, actually offered their children to be burnt. There must have been many who hated the religion of Moloch and an attempt has been made to show that Queen Dido was averse to this terrible cult.

Peering Down the Evil Limehouse Slums

An End to the Underground Tunnels, Secret Passages, Hidden Closets and Hideouts of London's Notorious Chinatown Which Have Baffled the Police



A Quiet Street in the Limehouse District in the Daytime. But at Night, When the Human Rats Come Out of Their Holes, It Swarms With the Dregs of Vicious Humanity.

LIMEHOUSE CAUSEWAY, the vilest street in London, perhaps in the entire world, is to be wiped out at last. Its grimy crime-infested buildings are to be torn down to make way for a broad thoroughfare that will reach from St. Katherine Dock to Blackwall.

When the London police first heard of this vast metropolitan project, they received the welcome news with a great feeling of relief. They had good reason for it, for Limehouse Causeway has given them more trouble in the past half-century than all of the other streets of London put together.

It is the principal street in London's infamous Chinatown, a grim and evil district that abounds in every form of vice and crime which the mind of man has conceived. Every well-known sin, and some that are indescribable, can be practiced in Limehouse for the price. There is scarcely a door that does not hide peril and treachery, and even in the daytime the London "Bobbies" patrol the district in pairs. The dens of iniquity in this plague spot have been made known the world over by the Fu Manchu Chinese mystery novels, the revelations in "Limehouse Nights" and other stories.

Time after time, the authorities have tried to clean up this quarter, spurred on by the discovery of some scandalous and involving persons of consequence, or by some perplexing murder. They have battered down heavy doors, splintered secret panels, carted off opium smoking equipment and gambling paraphernalia, seized any narcotics they were lucky enough to find, closed dives and brothels, and arrested numerous underlings. But rarely have they caught and convicted the leaders. After each "clean-up" campaign, the "dope kings" and master purveyors of vice have waited with Oriental patience in their hide-outs until the excitement was all over and everything was calm again. Then they have quietly opened new dens and resumed operations.

When Billie Carlton, a beautiful English actress, died in her apartment from an overdose of cocaine, following the celebrated Victory Hall a few years ago, the trail led to Limehouse. The coroner's inquest uncovered shocking details about opium and cocaine in London's Chinatown. Witnesses described how men and women of the highest society would gather in Limehouse dens, and secretly deal, would live in a circle about the spirit lamp where the "high priestesses," usually a Chinese woman, cooked the opium pills they smoked.

Again, after the body of the Hon. Gwyneth Erica Morgan, daughter of the wealthy Lord Dredgton, was found floating in the Thames near the Causeway, the police launched a campaign against Limehouse. For a while, the "dope" peddlers and dive proprietors were harried, and some dens were closed. But these campaigns never lasted long, and accomplished little.

Vice was soon flourishing again in Limehouse, the quarter was its old wicked self once more, and the London police knew that as long as the Causeway remained, there was little they could do to clean up the district. They could drive the human rats from one



The Unfortunate Billie Carlton, Whose Death From Drugs Stirred the Police to Turn Limehouse Upside-Down.

picks, sledge hammers and crowbars, attack the sooty old houses along the Causeway, knocking down smoke-stained walls and breaking into foul burrows, what will they disclose? What curious sights will they uncover for the first time to the light of day?

Will the police be able to find any clue that will lead to the solution of old mysteries? They will be on hand, surely, but will they find anything significant? Will they find anything that will settle the question of whether the Hon. Gwyneth Morgan committed suicide or was murdered and thrown into the river? Will they find anything that will explain what happened to Margie Keats, an art student, who disappeared into Limehouse, and whose body was never even found? Will they learn at last who supplied the drugs that caused the death of Audrey Harrison, another butterfly of London's gay world, who was found dead of narcotic poisoning one morning in her flat in Mayflower? Will they run across any trace of the many poor girls from the working classes of Whitechapel who have been swallowed up in Limehouse and never heard of any more?

It is not likely—for if there is one thing in which the treacherous Oriental of Limehouse are more adept than any other, and in which they take the most pride, it is their cleverness in the destruction of clues. But as those dingy old buildings are finally leveled to the ground, the scene of many tragedies will be disclosed. In time, surely, some workman will be backing away at the walls and floors of the old operating room of Lo Mai, but he will not be aware of the significance of the place. There will be nothing there to recall the scene of the tragedy once enacted there, or conjure up again the screams of agony that rang through that hidden chamber.

The truth about Lo Mai and his vengeance was revealed for the first time in the pages of The American Weekly. Mr. Li Ah San, formerly Edith May Forbes, a showgirl in Charles's Revue. She married a Chinaman engaged in the opium traffic, and because of her position, she had an opportunity to learn

more about Limehouse and its mysteries than the London police have been able to piece together.

Lo Mai was also a dealer in opium, and an immensely wealthy. He married Mara, a Creole dancing girl, and after a time he had good reason to be suspicious of his wife. Chinese husbands do not like their wives. When they become suspicious, they hide it. If they have cause to believe they have been deceived, they cover up their jealousy. They do not go to court. They wait until everything is in readiness. Then they act, and their vengeance is swift and terrible.

Unhappily, the wife whose of such Chinamen become addicted to the use of narcotics in some form, Mara was no exception, so when Lo Mai became suspicious of her, he cut off her supply of drugs, pretending to be generous, but she was using too much. She was frantic, and promptly went to her English admirer. The Englishman had no drugs available, but he promised to get what she wanted. He went to Limehouse, and approaching one of Lo Mai's many agents, walked into the trap that had been laid for him.

Bound hand and foot, he was taken into the well-equipped operating room. He was forced to watch Chinese surgeons amputate Mara's legs at the knees. A few weeks later, after Mara had regained sufficient strength, she was required to be the witness. In a wheel chair, she was forced to watch her sweetest mutilated, without ben-



An Underground Thieves' Den and Gambling Joint in Chinatown.

After gaining her confidence, he gave in, and soon she was a regular visitor to his establishment, and before long she was a hopeless drug addict.

As soon as the habit had a hold on her, he cut down her supply, contending that she was ruining her health, which was an old trick with him, as well as with all other devils. Oriental seeking to possess white women. The police were told that when her supply of drugs was cut off she threw her arms around the neck of the villainous Chinaman and pleaded with him, making passionate love to him and even begging him to marry her.

Chang must have been a violent lover, for Miss Morgan's friends told the police she often returned to her home after a night, or several nights in Limehouse, in a semi-delirious condition, with bruises as if from a severe beating. But in the end, she became such a nuisance to her yellow lover he could no longer tolerate her jealous outbursts—for he had many other women. So he cut her out.

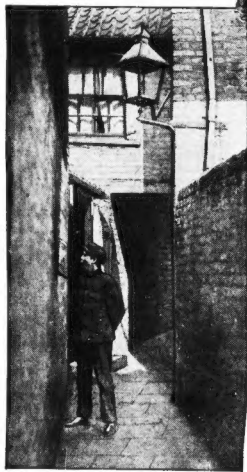
For months she tried to overcome her yearning for drugs. But it was a losing fight. One night she rushed from her apartment, with only a wrap over her nightgown, and disappeared in a taxi. For five months there was no trace of her.

Then, one drizzling morning, two policemen noticed a whispering crowd gazing from Poole's wharf, and on investigating, discovered the lovely body of a woman, clad only in alkali lingerie, floating in the river. Even before they identified the body by the initials on one garment, they were sure it must be Miss Morgan.

Chang could not be accused, for at that moment he was in jail, and his personal alibi was perfect. But the police never doubted that it was he who was responsible. Already they had attributed to him the tragedy involving Billie Carlton, Margie Keats, Audrey Harrison, and Freda Kington, another pretty and popular showgirl who was found dead of narcotic poisoning.

Finally, they had trapped him. A woman detective, posing as a showgirl, gained access to his really furnished apartment in Limehouse—a place of fabulous Oriental splendor, among the busy exterior of an ancient house. She gave a detailed report of her arrangements of rooms and secret passages. In this way, detectives were able to break into the place almost unobserved, with two white rhino guns in a satchel, enjoying a mild opium debauch.

No opium was found, but enough cocaine was discovered in a secret room to cause him to be sentenced for four months in jail. When released he was deported. For a while, he lived in Paris, but his power was broken by some enemy. The last news of him came from an agent of the French Surete, who was in Hongkong on another matter, and discovered Billie Carlton living in wretched circumstances in a squalid room. For a while, he lived in Paris, but his power was broken by some enemy. The last news of him came from an agent of the French Surete, who was in Hongkong on another matter, and discovered Billie Carlton living in wretched circumstances in a squalid room. For a while, he lived in Paris, but his power was broken by some enemy. The last news of him came from an agent of the French Surete, who was in Hongkong on another matter, and discovered Billie Carlton living in wretched circumstances in a squalid room.



A Look-Out on Guard in One of the Tortuous Alleys Which, With Underground Tunnels, Honeycomb Limehouse.



Limehouse as Seen From the River Thames, Showing How the Scrambled Old Buildings Give Access to the Dark Waters Where the Police Hunt Victims of Murder and Robbery.



A Doorway Which May Lead to Hidden Passages and Any Kind of Villainy.

What Famous People Eat

The Special Dishes and Table Habits of Distinguished Personages As Revealed At the Congress Hotel in Chicago, Which Is Known As the "White House of the Middle West," Because the Presidents All Stop There

THE big Congress Hotel in Chicago has been called the White House of the Middle West because every President of the United States since Grover Cleveland has stopped there. Perhaps no modern hotel in America is so rich in social and political traditions as this 15-story structure which overlooks Lake Michigan.

It was here on the balcony of the Congress Hotel that the first Theodore Roosevelt hurled his challenge at the leaders of the regular Republican party in 1912 when he bolted to head the Bull Moose ticket; and it was in the Congress Hotel twenty years later that another Roosevelt, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, qualified his speech of acceptance when the Democrats named him.

But it is not only the occupants of the White House who have parked this hotel while visiting Chicago. Alfred E. Smith, Postmaster General Farley, Jerrita, the opera prima donna, Rosa Raisa, Mary Garden, Max Baer, Eddie Rickenbacker and many other celebrated personages are on the hotel register for many years back.

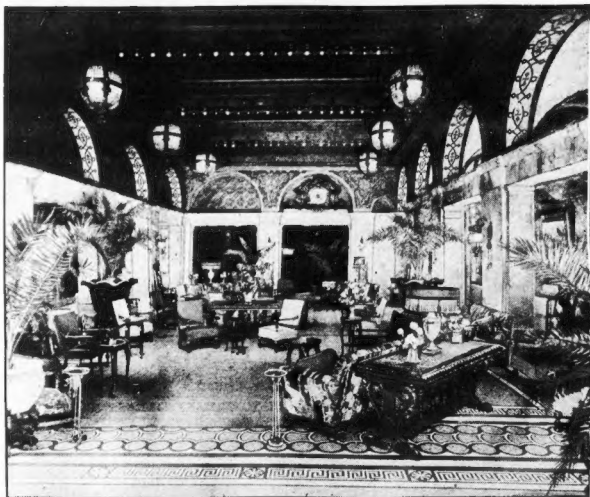
The public knows what all these people look like, what clothes they wear, and with the modern table now reels their voices are familiar. But what do they eat? That was the question The American Weekly representative had in mind when he visited the Congress Hotel the other day and discovered that the famous cuisine is a sort of double-barreled achievement—Chef Fries specializes in American cooking and is the author of several books on foods, while Chef Raymond, executive chef of the hotel, is an international expert on French cuisine.

Chef Fries was in his little laboratory testing ingredients for a new fish sauce, and abandoning his experiments. For the moment, said: "There was the great Palewowski, the pianist. He did not like what some call fancy foods. Not at all. He preferred broiled Lake Superior white fish to anything else—well, a wonderful American dish. He insisted that it was a real Midwest dish. And nothing else delighted him so much.

"And Queen Marie," then he chuckled, "her chef in Roumania is a great friend of mine. Fritz Edler's his name. When he learned she was coming to Chicago he sent me a long list of her favorite dishes with his own recipe."

"Those are the things she likes. See that she gets them," he wrote. "I did as my friend ordered," he said sadly. "I didn't get a chance to show the Queen my American specialties. But if she returns, she'll have a chance to taste my food, regardless of what my good friend, her chef, has to say. She is a wonderful woman—the Queen. She knows cuisine. When you cook for her you understand what it is to say to the queen's taste. I enjoyed preparing her meals."

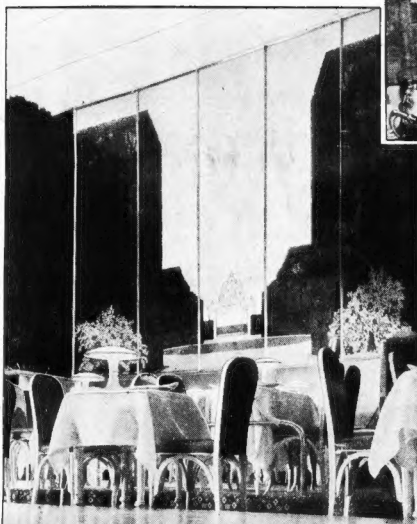
Revealing the late President Roosevelt, the chef went on: "There was an enterer. He liked substantial food and lots of it—roast beef and baked potatoes were his favorite dishes. But the roast beef had to be



The Grand Lobby of the Congress Hotel.



Rosa Raisa, the Grand Opera Diva, Showing Chef Lucien Raymond How to Make Her Own Recipe for Spaghetti Sauce in a Corner of the Kitchen of the Congress Hotel, Which She Has Home During Her Season With the Chicago Civic Opera.



A Corner of the Supper Club, Showing Some of the Decorations by Joseph Urban.



The Late President Theodore Roosevelt Addressing the Crowd in Front of the Congress Hotel After His Historic Speech That Brought the Bull Moose Party Into Being in 1912.

just right or we'd hear about it. "William Jennings Bryan, I suppose, was a great man. But Mr. Bryan knew nothing about food at all. He'd take anything we gave him, never seemed to know what he was eating. Most of the time he talked at the table—talked at the table as a place to confer with his political friends.

"And Coolidge—well, he ate the same thing every morning. Always broiled New England sausages and buckwheat cakes—nothing more—just sausages and cakes. He never seemed enthusiastic about his foods. But he was an appreciative guest. He would send word to me that he had enjoyed my meal. And I like that. It was kind of him.

She said the oysters in Europe had a brassy taste. Mrs. Bernhard was so fond of them she would walk to the grill in the rear of the dining room to watch them being opened. "Jean Harlow tasted our special Hamburger once and ever since she has always ordered that when she comes to Chicago. I do not mean the ordinary Hamburger. I mean Ham-



Mrs. Jerrita, the Prima Donna of the Reorganized Chicago Grand Opera Company, Taking Tea at the Congress Hotel, Where She Occupies the Famous Five-Room Presidential Suite a Few Weeks Ago.



Dr. Morris Fishbein (Right), Editor of the American Medical Journal, at Breakfast the Other Day, at the Congress Hotel, With Rabbi Louis Mann.

burger as we serve it at the Congress. Here we rate it among our finest dishes. It is a delicacy.

"The late President Harding used to come here. He carved mostly for the simple foods—broiled filet mignon was the meat he liked best. But he was as hearty an eater as President Roosevelt."

Chef Raymond is in charge of the main kitchen of the hotel, while Fries, his German colleague, presides over the famous Pompeian Grill. "Spaghetti with chicken livers and mushrooms—that's what the great Carson liked," said Chef Raymond. "And how he liked that dish! We even named it for him. He could eat spaghetti at any hour of the day or night. I think he was happiest when eating spaghetti with a group of friends."

"And then there was Mary Garden. She ate broiled lobsters and seemed to like them as much as the great Carson liked his spaghetti. But Miss Garden was most particular. She told me one day when she came into the kitchen that the reason she ate here was because I knew how to cook the lobsters just the way she wanted them.

"And Mrs. Jerrita. I serve her every day she's in Chicago. She wants her crepe suzette done to a second, one second either way and it cannot be served to her. She is a great artist. And she knows food as well as she knows music."

"That reminds me of a funny little thing that happened back ten years ago when the Prince of Wales visited Chicago. The prince came here and a dinner was planned for him at the Saddle and Cycle Club. But do you know who it was that prepared the dinner? Of course, you don't. It was Lucien Raymond. . . . Me!" exclaimed the chef, tapping his chest with his forefinger.

"What a day that was! I took all my best cooks from the Congress kitchen. We worked like mad—but that dinner was a triumph."

Chef Raymond searched through his files and displayed the menu served on that occasion. It read:

Menu Served to the Prince of Wales by Lucien Raymond, Executive Chef Congress Hotel, Chicago
MEZU
Mignardiere Prince of Wales
Royal Green Turtle Au Sherry
Paillette Au Parmesan
Lobster Gratin a la Cardinal
Supreme of Guinea Hen
a la Raymond
New Asparagus Sauce Divine
French Endives Salad Saddle and
Cyclé Club
Fresh Strawberries
Glaze a la Melba
Fancy Petit Fours
Cafe Noir

Mr. R. L. Kaufman, president of the hotel company, remarked, "Cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. But the expenditure was necessary if we were to continue to be the hotel of tomorrow."

Mr. Kaufman, the present owner, is the third member of the Kaufman family to manage the Congress Hotel, and hotel leadership is regarded by him as a family honor that must be preserved. Most of the ultra-modern craft creations were Mr. Kaufman's own ideas executed by the greatest decorators in America.

"We have to keep pace with the times," he went on, "and when we can we try to anticipate them," he said smilingly. "Take our Eastman Casino. When Repeal went into effect scores of hotel men came here just to see it. A lot of them copied it in part. Well, that room changed its dress three times in one year. It was transformed from the Louis XVI Room to a tropical Hawaiian Room and six months later, as lovely as it was, we transformed it again into a cocktail lounge."

"I can't say that the Congress is famous for any one thing, but to our way of thinking nothing is quite so important as atmosphere and food. It is a home for the individual and an assemblage place for conventions. The annual convention of the United States Conference of Mayors is always held at the Congress. The members of our service staff are always proud to wait on a mayor—but they are used to seeing one mayor at a time. You can imagine the stirring effect 150 mayors have on them, with every bellhop eager to serve the mayor from his own home town."

"We enjoy having conventions here and it is our boast that the men and women who attend conventions in the Congress Hotel are really entertained. We expect this current year to set a record convention business in Chicago."

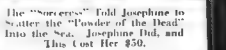
Strolling out of the Grand Lobby toward Peacock Alley, called the most famous hotel thoroughfare in America, Mr. Kaufman pointed to the impressive air painting on the walls. "The hotel spent over \$200,000 for those paintings," he remarked, "and every one is an original, some by the world's most famous artists."

In the last few years more than a quarter of a million dollars have been spent in "back-of-the-house" improvements—in perfecting efficient, modern air conditioning and sanitation systems which have been highly approved by Congress Master Plumbers of Chicago. The Congress was the first hotel in the world to install air conditioning in its dining room.

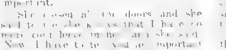
**Like Some Fantastic Tale of Dark Ages Superstition
Was the Story of Skulls and Skeletons, "Magic"
Diamond and "Dust of the Dead" Which Lovelorn
Miss Alfano Unfolded to an
Astonished Judge and Jury**

"She told me that she was going to start with that money but that she would not succeed because she thought the money was not enough. She told me that if the money was enough, then I would hear at midnight a knock on the door, indicating to me that the spirit was going there. I waited through the night, but I did not hear the knock.

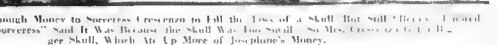
"She told me that she needed more



Josephine Broughton
Her. So the '28



"And she started to embrace me as if I were her daughter, and she said if I will do as she said, I will be the most happy girl in the world. I will be a Christian, I will have got any faith in my brother-in-law and I haven't got faith in anybody else, especially a stranger." And then she started to swear and she said, "I will be a Christian, I will be a Christian, I am an honest person." And she said, "I will do anything wrong to you, it will be the same as if I would harm you." And she said, "I am a mother of

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Al *pat' tse' tse' tse' tse'* and that I have seen a lot of them
the *pat' tse' tse' tse' tse'* and that I have seen a lot of them
ling *pat' tse' tse' tse' tse'* and that I have seen a lot of them
of *pat' tse' tse' tse' tse'* and that I have seen a lot of them
But *pat' tse' tse' tse' tse'* and that I have seen a lot of them
Mi *pat' tse' tse' tse' tse'* and that I have seen a lot of them
She *pat' tse' tse' tse' tse'* and that I have seen a lot of them
Tol *pat' tse' tse' tse' tse'* and that I have seen a lot of them
pat' *pat' tse' tse' tse' tse'* and that I have seen a lot of them

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

"Idiot!" His voice was scornful. "Dragon is a show dog. Dragon is going to be the best of breed." Morrison and I carried her home. "nailed!"

"Dragon won't go but I can breed," said Ernest solemnly. "Cream Pie will go over her. Look at those weak patterns. Look at the narrow front."

"Look at Cream Pie's ears," retorted Louie. "She hasn't enough stop! Her back is long."

"Dragon is shelly."

"Cream Pie hasn't enough bone."

George left them on their knees beside the dogs. He walked

"Louie, trembling, had kissed Dragon a misty farewell, then turned the silent, misty apartment

Louisa, flushed, panting, lovely, held the squirming Dragon to her bosom.

Dragon licked her chops. Slowly she moved up, gathered her compact little body for a spring, and bounded.

She had the watch. And George had her. He fished

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"Why—er—no——" George stuttered.
 "How long since she's been wormed?"
 George gripped the edge of the table with tense hands.

(Continued on Page 13)

George and Dragon finally were ushered into the office. Dragon was placed on a white sterile table while the Doctor went over her with careful hands. "Nice Cocker," he commented. "Take her temperature?"

"This is the day," he realized gloomily, flinging an arm up. Dragon, from the foot of his bed, stirred drowsily and uttered a faint blowing sound.

ERIC R. PEARSON

"Look at her, a man! Is she not wonderful? I promise you her face is every bit as beautiful as her figure!"

"There is a stake worth the winning!"

surveying the arriving guests amongst them, many of the habitués of the Casino and Sporting Club, who noted at sight the familiar figure of Alphonse. He was right. No ladies attended. And Alphonse looked forward to an evening of high play.

But I feel one's entitled to be a little bit more up to date. But I feel one's entitled to be a little bit more up to date.

There was infantine satisfaction in his voice as he replied:

continued from Page 12) do his best. Every stubborn line in his face was Spartan—a face, a led Dragon rode to the strength. His hands. On the block stood Cream

Figure 1

The judge stood in the center, a brown and white dog on an white flannel. There were fourteen of the flannel handlers expertly marshalled them at the side of the ring.

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"You'll have to take me, too," explained George.

New Secrets of the Sureté, The French Detective



The Two Victims Found in the Automobile, From a Police Photograph Taken Through the Window.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

It was Saturday afternoon, and I was not in the best of humors at having to spend it in the dingy Sureté building while outside fleecy clouds scudded across an azure sky, and from the boulevard came the raucous cries of the coach-touts, gathering fairs for the St. Cloud and Long-champs races; an afternoon to be spent on the river or at the tennis courts, and not in an office classifying criminals' fingerprints. It had to be, however. Bertillon was away that day and it had devolved on me to take his place. But all things have an end. Towards two o'clock I put away the last of the dossiers I had been studying with a sigh of relief, reached for my chief's private box of cigars—not those he offered to visitors—and, biting the end off, turned to light it at the Bunsen flame flickering faintly at my right.

Simultaneously with the first spirals of aromatic vapor a police officer put his head round the door to tell me, with a fatuous grin, that a young man urgently demanded to see the "chief" of the criminal investigation bureau. Conscious that this was a gibe at my temporary dignity, I ordered him, with a ferocious frown, to show the visitor up to my office. Then, with feverish haste, I scattered papers and photographs over the desk and lolled back in my chair, assuming an air of importance well calculated to impress the newcomer.

A moment later the door burst open unceremoniously and with a clatter and rush a young man, probably a minor clerk in some city office, came stumbling into the room to fall weakly into a chair without waiting for my permission. His forehead glistened with perspiration and his breath sobbed in labored gasps as of one near to collapse from fear and excitement. While my visitor was gradually recovering from his haste I had ample leisure to study him. I gathered from his disheveled appearance—the wild disorder of hair and clothes, and the dust that covered him thickly from boots to waist—that the matter which had brought him pedaling recklessly through the surge of outgoing traffic must be grave and urgent; it was obvious, too, that he had come a long way, probably from the western outskirts.

It was a wonderful opportunity for displaying the skilled observation and scientific deduction which Bertillon had so patiently taught me. Fixing the fellow with what I fondly hoped was a penetrating stare, I said quietly:

"You are a cyclist, I see, and have come at top speed straight from the country. What was it startled you so that you gave up your usual Saturday afternoon excursion, as also your intended picnic in the woods about Versailles?"

At my words the man gaped comically, an expression of awe in his eyes very gratifying to my pose of nonchalant omniscience.

"How—how—do you know all this, sir?" I'm sure I've told no one.

"Ah—well—it's our job to know most things. I saw at once that you'd been cycling—you forgot to remove the clips that hold your trousers at the ankles; you are covered with white fluff up to your waist, but only on the outside. On the inner surface, where your legs would naturally rub against the frame of the cycle, there is none practically. Furthermore, dust of that color could only have come from a dry country road, but had you crossed all Paris from the eastern suburbs you would have shaken most of it off—hence Versailles. Then the bulge of your pocket where you carry a paper of sandwiches and a bottle, is very characteristic, so I knew that you had planned to have dinner outdoors."

Before the man could speak, a hoarse chuckle sounded from the door and Inspector Rousseau ambled forward—a sarcastic grin on his pronounced face.

"I can add to that," he proclaimed with up-

turned eyes, a forefinger dramatically pointing at the startled clerk. "You intended to stop at St. Cloud on your way, to bet on a race, as you do every Saturday; and you expected to meet a lady friend there. Am I right?"

Our visitor gulped and nodded, as though uncertain whether he had fallen into a sorcerer's den or was merely being made the victim of an elaborate hoax. Just for a moment I, too, was puzzled at Rousseau's rush of information, but fortunately I caught sight of two green admittance discs for the St. Cloud race-course protruding from the clerk's vest pocket. Evidently my old friend's eyes were as sharp as ever, and I felt annoyed at having missed this detail.

"Come, sir," I said briskly to cover my confusion, "suppose you tell us your story, now that you're rested."

"I—I have just seen two dead bodies," he jerked out with a gasp. Rousseau advanced quickly into the room and sank into a chair. "That won't do, old fellow," he chided, tapping the man familiarly on the knee. "You must start at the beginning you know. First of all—what is your name, and where did you go?"

"My name is Georges Durand, and it was this way, sirs. I had arranged with Simonne Guichard, my young lady, you know, to pick her up at Garches."

"Oh, she cycles too, does she?" Rousseau interrupted. "All right—there's no mystery about it. I saw your tandem in the courtyard. We don't use such things ourselves. Well—go on!"

"H-m-m—well, as I was pedaling along the main road to Garches, a shady path under the trees caught my eye. It looked so inviting in this hot weather that I turned off at once, leading my somewhat heavy machine. I walked for a while through the forest, and finally, in a pleasant glade, sat down for a short rest. Looking idly about me I suddenly caught sight of a big motorcar standing beneath one of those giant oaks for which the forest is famous. In the ordinary way I should have paid no attention to it, but there was something queer about that car there. I had met no one coming along, and, although I had been sitting quietly for some time, I had heard no sound. Well, I walked past, thinking that perhaps a pair of sweethearts had sought the quiet of the glade, you know. But there was no one; the driver's seat was empty and somehow that deserted car and the silence made me feel uncomfortable."

"Looking at my watch, I saw it was early for my appointment, so—curiosity getting the better of my uneasiness—I rested my machine against a tree and went close up to the car. You can imagine the shock it gave me, when, looking through the window—"

MR. H. ASHTON-WOLFE is already well known to the readers of The American Weekly. For many years he was associated with the famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Paris Sureté (French Detective Police), the foremost of all modern scientific detectives. Again Mr. Ashton-Wolfe has gone over his notebooks and the records of the Paris Detective Bureau, and in his new series now gives further examples of how the unerring instruments of science in the hands of highly-trained men often uncover the most carefully concealed trails and clear up the most baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for this series can be found in the official records. Some of the details have been set forth in dramatic form and purposely changed in order to avoid giving pain and reopening old wounds or for other reasons," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.

"I have myself taken part in the investigations or the final trials of most of the criminals. Several of the cases I have specifically selected because of the ingenuity displayed both by the law-breakers and the investigators."



Mr. Ashton-Wolfe in the Police Laboratory Testing for Poison and Analyzing the Fatal Green Paste.



The Track of the Automobile Which Bertillon Followed and Which Led to the Discovery of the House With the Devil Worshipers' Temple in the Cellar.

"Stop a bit," I said. "Were the windows shut or open?"

"Shut, sir, every window; even the wind-screen was screwed up tightly. I had to make a funnel of my hands against the glass to see anything at all. But after a moment I made out two horrible white masks on the rear seat—like dough, they looked. It made me quite faint when I realized they were real faces; that in the car were two dead girls!"

"I thought at once of Monsieur Bertillon, who saved my father from being arrested, and says I to myself, this is a case for him if ever there was one—so here I am."

Rousseau caught my eye meaningfully, and, reaching for the telephone, I arranged for a couple of gendarmes to be dispatched immediately from the local police station to guard the sinister car, promising to send the young clerk out to guide them to the spot.

"What shall I do?" I asked Rousseau when our visitor had gone. "Drive out there now or wait for the chief?"

"I'll go and make sure nothing is touched. You can get through to the chief meanwhile; he is busy on that forgery case at Cléchy. Take the small car and bring him along as quickly as possible."

It was no easy matter to get hold of Bertillon, but finally, about four o'clock, he came bustling to where I waited impatiently with the car, and when he had made sure I had packed the needful instruments he jumped up beside me and gave the signal to start.

Fortunately, Rousseau had stationed the young man where the path led under the trees to the tragic car—a handsome, modern Delage coach, looking strangely out of place in that deserted forest glade.



"My God—look!" Burst From Bertillon as the Light of the Other End of the Vault We Had Now Entered. "Moloch..." Bertillon Muttered, Wiping His Brow. "Rightly it was the custom to feed human sacrifices into his..." Bertillon's Voice Trilled Away Into an Aecroak Which Flooded the Vault. The Fearsome Eyes of the Idol Now De Silver Moon and its Halo of Stars Shone With a Lurid Light Handed by the Velvet Hangings of Black; Whirl Sudden, Be Bronze Snakes That Formed Moloch's Pedestal.

sunk, and the patch of oil under the gearbox, must have been standing here a couple of hours already when it was first seen. So, normally, the radiator should have been stone-cold. Cars at my job, sir, and I feel convinced that when it was brought here, the engine was left running. It stopped only when the petrol finally gave out. As you know, an engine gets very hot if it runs for any length of time with the car standing still.

"You can easily ascertain if I am right; if as you'll find the ignition still switched on and the tank empty. Another queer thing—the chassis is caked with mud underneath, but the wheel have mud on the upper half only."

Bertillon nodded absently. "Yes, all right—spray handles and body with coarse case hair, are fingerprints," he said. "I won't open the car until that's done. Nothing—are you sure H-m-m—very strange—someone must have wiped them, to efface all marks. Stand back while I have a look inside."

It was all very well to say "stand back," but curiosity was stronger than discipline, and despite Bertillon's peremptory manner I craned my neck to look over his shoulder.

Sprawling on the silk-covered back cushion were two girls; neither, I judged, more than twenty-five. One, a slim, brunette, lay with her head resting on the seat, while the other, who was fair and inclined to stoutness, sat bolt up,

Five Police

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the Police Laboratories of Paris, Gives From His Experiences Some More Striking Examples of the Scientific Detection of Crime, Together With Photographs From the Official Records



His Torch Played Over the Squinting Form of a Huge, Black Idol

What monstrosity have we stumbled on here? If I remember this hot now.

As he Stared at the Uncanny Scene and a Deep, Crimson Glow

Flamed; a Red Glare Gushed From its Bulging Belly; the

Illumined by Cunnily Hidden Lamps, Their Brilliance En-

girdling Spirals of Dark Red Incense Rose From the Seven

right in a corner, a pretty pearl-handled pistol on the floor at her feet. It hardly needed the ugly crimson stain on her blouse, and a second similar stain on the dark girl's jersey, to show how they had died. I was about to pick up the weapon when Bertillon pushed me roughly aside.

"Don't touch that revolver—confound you! I want a photograph taken of the scene first. Wait a bit, though—pass me the tweezers. The butt of that toy pistol is polished and may have retained some fingerprints."

With his usual dexterity, he lifted and placed the weapon on a sheet of paper and examined it with his lens; a grunt of disappointment proclaimed that it had been cleaned also.

"Well—it proves at least that a third person was here afterwards, and disproves the suicide theory—what?"

"It's queer," I said, "but the engine had been left running purposely; there was no chance of its stalling; the gas-lever has been pushed more than half-way over."

Bertillon nodded and smiled: "Yes—glad you noticed that. I saw it long ago. As you say, it's a very queer business. What was the object in keeping the engine going after the girls had been shot? They've been dead many hours. Also—there's not so much blood as one would have expected. Pass me that parabolic-mirror-lamp and the lens."



Fingerprints With the Mysterious Letters and, on the Right, an Enlarged Fingerprint Showing the Tiny Sweat Pores. It Is These That Contract Convulsively When Some Terrible Shock Is Transmitted to Them While the Fingers Are Pressing on Some Hard, Raised Surface.

closed car and making it a death-trap. But these women were shot. What makes you think this was done—after they were dead?"

"That, in my opinion, is what really killed them. It explains why the battery contacts were connected by means of a wire behind the dashboard, and why the ignition key is missing. It explains, too, why the gas-lever was pushed wide open. It was intended the engine should run at fairly high speed until the petrol gave out. If further proof were needed, it's furnished by the fact that somebody punched the end of the exhaust pipe almost shut and partly disjoined it just under the front seats."

"I hadn't noticed that," I said, foolishly.

"I daresay not—but I did. I was expecting it."

"No doubt you are right, sir—but I'm hanged if I see why anyone should take the trouble first to asphyxiate those two women and then to put a bullet into each of them. Seems to me they could have been killed as easily and surely with the revolver alone; or, if they were gassed, what need was there for the bullets?"

Bertillon shook his head in disagreement.

"Not at all. Whoever planned this crime wanted to make it look like suicide while effacing the actual and more subtle method used. The tracks of a car can easily become a dangerous clue. Remember, too, that if these girls had been shot while conscious, there would have been a struggle instead of the peaceful mise en scene we saw, it would have been strikingly evident that they were murdered. I expect they lost consciousness so quickly in that poisonous atmosphere that neither had time to realize anything was amiss; their tranquil attitude proves that. What puzzles me is how the assassin managed to breathe inside the car, for he was inside with them. There are definite signs that someone sat by the girls until they collapsed and then drove the car to that glade in the forest."

"It was a very silly mistake to remove the ignition key, since we were meant to believe that the girls had made a suicide-pact, and that they were alone when the fair one shot her friend and afterwards herself."

"Why the fair one?" I asked.

"Of course. She was sitting upright, and the pistol dropped at her feet, whereas the oblique path followed by the bullet through the dark-haired girl's body proves she was already stretched out on the seat. The shooting was also an additional precaution, to make sure neither would revive if, by chance, the gases failed in their deadly work."

"It's not possible they actually shot themselves."

Bertillon shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Do use your eyes, my friend. I showed you the fair girl's right hand; if she had forced her index or second finger into the small space between the trigger and trigger guard, she could never have extricated it with those rings she's wearing, after shooting herself, and we should have found the pistol still dangling from her hand. The left hand is even worse; the poor thing certainly loved gaudy and massive jewels. Let us see now where these wheel tracks lead."

And then, as an afterthought, he added over his shoulder:

"I've measured their shoes; there are footprints on the rear side of the car, by the pool, also, which were made by neither of those two girls. Although my theory has several weak spots, I can suggest nothing better for the moment."

For another hour, Bertillon continued his examination of the debris, the bodies, and the soil; finally he crossed the field and vanished in the distant undergrowth, nor did he return until



Photograph of One of the Murdered Girls Found in the Automobile.

night had begun to blot out the scenery. Silently, with close-drawn brows, he donned his cloth, and hat again, then, turning to us, said abruptly:

"You, Rousseau, had better telephone to the gendarmes. The bodies can be removed now but I want the Delage left exactly where it stands and a couple of men placed to watch it all night. We must follow the trail while it's fresh. I think I've discovered the place whence this car came. As soon as the gendarmes arrive we'll see if anyone is at home."

"Meanwhile, if one of you has a cigar, hand it over. I'm dying for a smoke; I quite forgot to bring my paragonic lozenges—confound it—and if ever I tackled a puzzling case where they would help, this is it!"

In single file, our electric torches flickering along the path, we followed our chief for a distance of more than a mile, until brought up by a high, glass-topped wall, over which, looming ghost-like through the gloom, I espied a large, square building, entirely built of gray stone, and having a grim turret on each flank, more like a castle than a villa.

"What makes you think this chateau is connected with the crime?" I asked in a whisper, for the look of the old pile was depressing.

"Well—it's the only house within a reasonable distance of that pool, and I've traced the Delage's wheel tracks almost up to the gates round the opposite side of this wall. Throw a coat over the broken glass and make a back. I expect I can scramble to the top and give you a helping hand from there."

"I've brought an old rug from our car," Rousseau said, "so there's no need to spoil good clothes." And suiting the action to the words, he flung a dilapidated old woolen blanket, used for covering the engine in winter, across the knife-edged glass.

Thus assisted, we tumbled one after the other into a garden that was an absolute wilderness. Apparently no living creature had set foot in it for countless years. No light came from anywhere in the house, which, in the gathering gloom, looked incredibly ancient and decrepit; indeed, so utterly forlorn was it, that I felt sure we were on a false trail. Not so, however, my chief, who at once began to circle about the place, seeking for an entry.

"It's no use," he complained after an exhaustive search, "and in this muck we run the risk of destroying valuable traces. You two had better stay here; the night is warm and sleeping out will be quite pleasant. I am compelled to return to headquarters for a few hours, but I'll be with you again at the first flush of the dawn. Then we'll see if I am right or not."

Spreading the old rug Rousseau had brought over a heap of decaying leaves, we made ourselves quite comfortable, but the grim silence got on my nerves, and despite my fatigue I dozed only fitfully. There was something—an atmosphere of obscene lusts—that clung like a tanning miasma about the ancient stones. A hunting owl hooted from a nearby tree; the unceasing metallic squeak of invisible bats vibrated about our heads, and the distant yapping and howling of dogs which make a hideous nightmare of the

Laura and the Viscountess

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTER VI.
At Sea.

There was something about the way in which Laura looked at the sea, which made it seem to her that it was the only thing that was real. The sea was the only thing that was not a part of the world that she had been brought up in. The sea was the only thing that was not a part of the world that she had been brought up in.

That was in London. But here at sea, it was a different world. It was a world of its own, a world of its own. It was a world of its own, a world of its own. It was a world of its own, a world of its own. It was a world of its own, a world of its own.

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CHAPTER VII.
Lure of the East.

LOOKING back, some ten days later, Laura was doubtfully—exceedingly doubtful—of herself, of Gervase, of the future. She could not see herself becoming a viscountess, although she was now a viscountess.

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CHAPTER VII.
Lure of the East.

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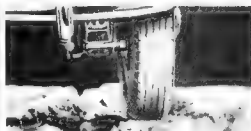
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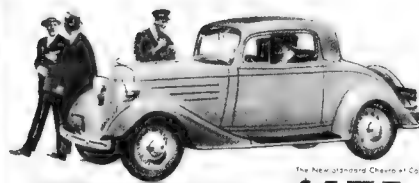


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I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH FUN THIS SWIVEL CHAIR WAS, FRISBEE, 'TIL I GAVE IT A SHOT OF 3-IN-ONE OIL

Stop chair and hinge squeaks, and put pop-o-mo typewriters and other office devices with 3-in-One Handy Cans and bottles.

3-IN-ONE OIL

Blends from 3 oils for better protection. Cleans, lubricates, prevents rust.

"XR Yeast is a foremost new method of treating indigestion!"

CLAIM GREAT DOCTORS

This stronger yeast has an astonishing effect on the digestive tract... correcting Constipation, Skin Troubles, Lack of Energy

SERIOUS INDIGESTION should have medical attention. But perhaps you have the more common type, caused by a sluggish digestive tract... and the loss of energy, constipation and skin troubles that often go with it!

Now there is a stronger, quicker-acting kind of yeast that speeds up your digestive juices and mingles with your intestines and stomach.

Try Fleischmann's XR Yeast and see how quickly it improves your health condition and appetite. Eat 3 cakes daily—plain or dissolved in ½ glass of water, preferably a half hour before meals. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

Skin... you should forget indigestion... have a clear skin... feel peppery... have keener appetite.

Fleischmann's XR Yeast combats colds, too, by supplying Vitamin A. It's rich in Vitamins B, D and G, too. Start eating it right now.

Household Amusements by Jennifer Anne

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTER XXVI.

First.

Kathleen could spare me a few minutes. I'll be ready in five minutes. I'll be ready in five minutes. I'll be ready in five minutes.

She said, "Yes, I did. But you needn't bite my head off for it."

"Why did you?" he demanded. Suddenly she started to laugh weakly. She had gone out of her way to try to do something for Clive and he seemed more furious than he had ever been even when she had expressed dissatisfaction with his cop.

He came and stood before her desk and scowled down at her. "What are you laughing at?"

"You're not a little absurd? You act as though, in suggesting to Mr. Dunham that you take complete charge of the men's advertising, I had somehow flattered you. Aren't you pleased?"

But she saw at once that however pleased he was he would never act. At least not to her. She was faintly conscious, as he stood there, of a return of that sense of antagonism between them. It seemed, whatever happened outside, within the precincts of the store.

It was decent of you to suggest it," he admitted. "Do you really think me competent or?"

He swallowed something in his throat. "Where you trying to be nice to me?"

She saw then what his was the matter. At the back of his mind was the idea that she had suggested him for this job through some desire to be kind to him. Perhaps he felt she was sorry for him because the expense he had been put to through Gump's operation. His fear of receiving charity in any form amounted almost to a mania.

She placed her hands on her desk and looked up at him with deliberate state. "Why," she demanded, "should I want to be nice to you?"

That took him aback. "I don't know," he stammered. "He thought that perhaps after Saturday."

"I should have thought, though, that you would have thought of me on the other foot," she interrupted evenly. "As a slight return for the having taken you and Gump out in my car on a night that it was you, who should try to be nice to me?"

He flushed. Then quite suddenly he smiled. He ran a hand through his hair so that it stood on end and said: "Forgive me, I have been making an ass of myself."

She smiled too. "I'm rather used to your making that sort of an ass of yourself during office hours. Perhaps now that I'm no longer your boss you intend to be polite to me?"

"I'll try," he promised. His brown eyes twinkled. "I don't want to swear I'll succeed. I find you rather a difficult person to be ordinary to."

It was the first time he had called her Kathleen and in her effort to give him a slight start of surprise, she had let it slip.

"Why?" he demanded.

He said, "I don't know." But he had an inkling. He was suddenly aware that it was because he wanted to be so much more than ordinarily polite to her. He wanted... well, he wanted, for instance, to tell her that she was very beautiful and hot about her, the bright golden red lights again in her hair, her small pretty face, that was smiling up at him, intensely aware.

He wanted to tell her that he admired her tremendously, both in and out of the office. She had pluck, guts, intelligence. He had never thought there could be a woman like her. Perhaps now that she was no longer his boss he might one day tell her some of it, at least. Had she remained his boss he knew he would never have been able to. A quick streak of pride would have prevented him.

"Look here," he stammered, "you wouldn't care to have dinner with me?"

(Continued on Page 22)

DR. ALEXANDRE MAZERAN (above), founder of a well-known clinic, finds XR Yeast of great importance. "It is stronger and more certain of results than the former yeast," says Dr. Mazeran.



3 millions already eating Fleischmann's new XR Yeast

(As good as ever for baking)



"Once I came across Lea flirtatious Mr. Mantion in a way that shocked considerably."

among the fellow employees. It might be the girl is had-tempered, or spiteful, or takes a delight in making other girls dis- satisfied in their work. Or it might be," he paused and he caught himself, "that she is really a waste of her time, which is paid for by the store, by flirting with the men in her department and in other departments and de- liberately setting them at logger- heads with each other."

There was another pause. "I see," Kathleen said quietly. Her eyes were on Mr. Mantion.

"The matter first came to my notice," Miss Watkins resumed after a momentary cough, "when the floor manager, Mr. Wilson, sent in various complaints against the buyer of the sports wear de- partment, Mr. Mantion. He com- plained that Mr. Mantion was buy- ing the wrong class of goods but, when the charge was investi- gated, we found, since the sales- man, whom had been unusually good, there was nothing to sub- stantiate the charges. When the- nerod he admitted he had had the information from one of the mod- els who had to have heard cus- tomers talking."

"The complaint was dismissed, but that was by no means the end of the trouble. To cut a long story short, there has been nothing but unpleasantness amongst the employees of the sports wear department ever since your sister went to molest them."

"Manners. I have seen your sister repeatedly laughing either with Mr. Wilson or Mr. Mantion, and once I came across her flirt- ing with Mr. Mantion in a way that shocked me considerably."

"And I'm afraid that isn't all. During the lunch hour she is sup- posed to be in the restaurant in order to display the lat- est model sports wear to women cus- tomers. Instead she is usually to be found in the grill room flirt- ing heavily with various male customers, making what I believe is called 'dates' with them. On one occasion I spoke to her myself about it and she answered, 'I regret to say, most rudely.'"

"Had she not been your sister, Miss Manners, I would have dis- missed her on the spot. As it is, I should like to give you this opportunity of persuading her to send in her resignation. To have re- quired voluntarily may make it easier for her to obtain another job. I'm afraid, in the interest of the business, I can't suggest that she remain in any capacity in the store."

She breathed heavily after she had finished, and sent a swift, ap- pealing glance at Kathleen as though begging her to terminate the interview pleasantly.

"I'll see that Lea resigns," Kathleen said quietly. "It's been very kind of you to give her the opportunity, Miss Watkins."

Miss Watkins now to her feet. "I'm sorry for the trouble this will cause you, Miss Manners. But one can't help one's relatives and I've learned it doesn't always pay to make oneself responsible for them."

After she had gone Kathleen sat before her desk and did nothing for some minutes. She hadn't attempted to defend Lea. She felt instinctively that most of the charges brought by Miss Wat- kins were justified. And in that case the Staff Supervisor could have acted in no other way.

Miss Watkins had warned her against making herself responsi- ble for her relatives; but in the case of Lea, for instance, what else could one do? Lea couldn't stand on her own feet. There were persons in the world like that. But, curiously, those same persons it were the most difficult to

help. Whatever one did for them seemed to turn out wrong.

She would have to see Lea at once. But it wouldn't be easy telling her the gist of Miss Wat- kins' remarks. It wasn't easy to tell Lea anything that was detri- mental to herself.

Presently she scribbled a note and sent it down by her secre- tary asking Lea if she could call round and see her that evening. Lea sent back the message asking Kathleen to come to her place and have a bite of cold food around seven.

Later in the morning there was a knock on her door and Clive Brentwood came in. His usually pale face was flushed and his brown hair was awry as though he had been running his fingers through it.

"Did you suggest I take over control of the men's advertise- ing?" he shot out abruptly.

She said, "Yes, I did. But you needn't bite my head off for it."

"Why did you?" he demanded. Suddenly she started to laugh weakly. She had gone out of her way to try to do something for Clive and he seemed more fur- ious than he had ever been even when she had expressed dis- satisfaction with his cop.

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(Continued on Page 22)

COLDS

KA-CHOO

"Ben-Gay" relieves that congestion—its fumes clear your head

When one of those "ill over" colds, or your head and chest feel it, it will help throw off congestion, and do it in a hurry! And Ben-Gay's pleasant fumes will clear your head. "Ben-Gay" is sure, quick! This remarkable painkiller goes right to the congested spot and stays there until it gives relief. Always trust on the original "Ben-Gay". None of its imitators has its quick, non-tran- sient, pain-relieving action.

RUE PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME BEN-GAY



Here's the MAN You DON'T Want to be!

JAPANESE OIL

FREE! A valuable booklet, "The Japanese Oil," will be sent you on request. Write to: JAPANESE OIL, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

\$200 First Week in OWN Business!

Free Book!

Stop Suffering

from Abdominal Weakness and Constipation

FREE! Beautiful Booklet

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

My face, shoulders and back were dis- figured by sore, itchy, pimply spots. I found that clogged pores caused the trouble and I began to use Resinol Soap to get rid of the pores. Impurities, and Resinol Ointment to soothe and help heal the broken out places. After the first treat- ment the sores were relieved. Now my skin is clear and lovely, but to help keep it so, I use the Resinol treatment daily. I find two people who desire it. I believe it will outlast the war, it's a sticky and easy and does not rub off.

Almost Unbelievable!

The way my skin improved

My face, shoulders and back were dis- figured by sore, itchy, pimply spots. I found that clogged pores caused the trouble and I began to use Resinol Soap to get rid of the pores. Impurities, and Resinol Ointment to soothe and help heal the broken out places. After the first treat- ment the sores were relieved. Now my skin is clear and lovely, but to help keep it so, I use the Resinol treatment daily. I find two people who desire it. I believe it will outlast the war, it's a sticky and easy and does not rub off.

Resinol

At all drug stores

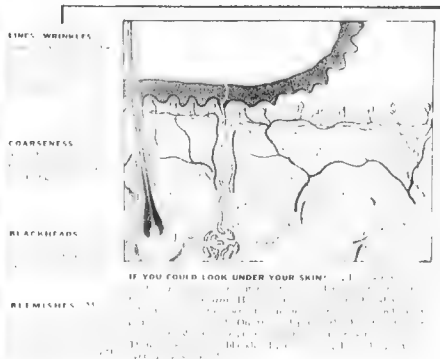
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Dreaded Age Signs First Appear *Under Your Skin!*

Lines and Wrinkles begin Below Surface as early as 20 — Dermatologists say



**Coarseness
Blackheads
Blemishes**
*all develop when
Under-Skin fails
to function*

**You can fight them all
—with this Single Cream!
Have skin lovely, flawless
as favorite Society Beauties**

DO YOU KNOW what is the time of a woman's greatest beauty? As men see it? The glorious teens!

Here's what a young skin looks like: "From *far* it is a lovely, glowing skin. It is satiny, clear, glowing. Not a line, not a pore. From 20 on, the fight to keep a youthful appearance begins."

A fight it is. And what woman over twenty doesn't struggle with blackheads, blemishes, coarse pores—Doesn't dread those first tiny lines that will surely grow into ugly wrinkles?

If you want to know the secret beginnings of all these skin faults that suddenly start in after your 20th birthday, you would have to see into your under skin!

What happens under the surface

There's where the firm young tissue first begins to age. Where circulation slows. Where tiny oil glands begin to slow down. When these things happen, even under skin actually straws! As a result, the outer skin grows harsh—sallow—lined. A prey to all sorts of disfiguring skin faults.

To avoid these troubling faults that rob you of your woman's charm, you must give immediate help to your *under skin*.

This is what Pond's Cold Cream does. Does it so efficiently that thousands of women owe the flaw-



MRS. ALEXANDER COCHRAN TORRES

Grandmother of Mrs. James Roosevelt
New York, N. Y.
"I have used Pond's Cold Cream for many years. It keeps my skin so soft and clear that I never have any blackheads or blemishes."

MRS. PAUL REVERE III

New York, N. Y.
"I have used Pond's Cold Cream for many years. It keeps my skin so soft and clear that I never have any blackheads or blemishes."

less youth. I have tried other creams, but Pond's alone.

In Pond's Cold Cream is a perfect oil-spread process that sinks deep into the skin. The penetrating cream starts the fading pattern, and demarcates a natural fading line of the oil glands.

It revitalizes your skin. The trade use

• Pond's Cold Cream. It is specially prepared to cleanse deep, clogged pores, make the skin silken, ready to hold powder. Pond's *Exfoliating Cream* contains the same rich, effective ingredients. It melts instantly.



or Pond's Cold Cream actually stimulates the skin circulation. Strengthens the deep skin tissue and action.

There are three ways to use it. How? Look at the changes in your skin color, texture, and tone. You will find lines, coarse pores, blackheads.

Flashes many deep-skin gains

Pond's Cold Cream is a perfect oil-spread process that sinks deep into the skin. The penetrating cream starts the fading pattern, and demarcates a natural fading line of the oil glands.

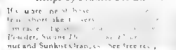
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Pond's Cold Cream is a perfect oil-spread process that sinks deep into the skin. The penetrating cream starts the fading pattern, and demarcates a natural fading line of the oil glands.

Send for Generous Supply—Send this coupon, this very day with 10¢ for a liberal supply of this nourishing cream with samples of 3 other beauty aids.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

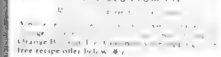
with *Freshness* "SEALED-BY-NATURE" for vigorous winter health



Bright and clean-skinned Sunkist Oranges and a Keen water are the secrets of making this spectacular dessert. It's only half as hard and more than twice as good as it looks. See free recipe offer.



This garish of a costume I spotted Sunday Orange at Martha's Vineyard suggestion for making a summer suit of cotton Humana tree. See tree page after below. ♀



Know-Relating is generously flavored with fresh
Sunkist Orange and Lemon juice, filled with egg
white and decorated with whipped cream and or
ange slices to make a dessert you'll repeat often.
See free recipe offer below. ☐



ORANGE WALNUT CHEESE SALAD

Twenty-four boxes of Diamond Walnut Kernel's 5 to 6 Sunk or Oranges and a small package of cream cheese and you have a grand salad for Thanksgiving.

Check coupon if you also wish the booklet "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous," summarizing science's health discoveries about citrus fruits.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Dept. 1702, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California

☐ Send FREE, "Prize Recipes" and "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day,
☐ Send FREE, "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

New Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Page 24)

crowded street, set my chief down at the suburban police station in record time. Captain Duvernois, an old friend, met us at the door, and there was an amused twinkle in his eye as he shook hands.

"You'll be wondering why I have bothered you. But that's the queerest thing I've ever seen. Come in."

And throwing wide the door of his office, "That look at these men tell me what you make of them."

Bertillon picked up several fingerprints charts and gazed long and earnestly at the inked impressions. "H-m-m—what's the idea of these letters—D on the index, E on the second left finger, and L and A on the right index and second finger? What made them?"

"That's what I want to know," Captain Duvernois explained, and there was a hint of suppressed anger in his voice. "These are the fingerprints of the woman arrested for smashing up a fruit-barrow. We found her quite drunk, but the doctor said she was doped—like a drug's new to him, too, and dandy, very strong. She's still quite dazed."

"Now listen: when we took her fingerprints, those letters came out just as you see 'em. We thought maybe her hands were dirty, so we cleaned each finger carefully with ether and gasoline and took fresh impressions. Well, those same letters appeared once more on the charts. So then I had a look at her fingerprints with a low-power microscope and I give you my word there was absolutely nothing—nothing at all—although every fresh print had the mysterious letters on it. Those you are handling are about the sixth of the series."

"You mean this?" E. L. A. came out every time, even after her fingers were cleaned with ether."

"Sure—that's just what I do mean. It's the most mysterious business I've ever come across. Shall I send for the woman? When last I peeped into her cell she was fast asleep—more a kind of stupor, in fact, but I'll try to rouse her if you like."

"No—don't do that," Bertillon said quickly. "Let me see those prints again."

When he had studied them closely, "Perhaps I can get a look at her fingers without waking her if she's doped. Show me the cell."

Never had I seen my chief so puzzled.

"This beats me absolutely!" he repeated several times when he rejoined me. "I don't think it's got anything to do with the Moloch case, but it's confoundedly queer all the same, and I am glad Duvernois sent for me. Hold this woman as long as you can," he added, turning to the officer, "and if you are compelled to release her, see that she doesn't slip through your fingers. She must be followed wherever she goes."

And as an afterthought, "By the way—what kind of car was she driving?"

"An old Delahaye," a kind of coach. It knocked the fruit-barrow absolutely to matchwood."

Bertillon's hand came down with a slap on his thigh. "What did you say—a Delahaye—are you sure?"

"Sure? Of course," Captain Duvernois replied. "What about it?"

"Oh—nothing—nothing! Well—thanks for phoning me. I'll get in touch with you again tomorrow. By the way—did you search her?"

"Of course—here is the list of what we found: a handbag with the usual powderpuff, nail-file, comb and so forth. Some money—and, oh yes—two flat keys—one a Yale, the other a Fichet—I've got the numbers. Also several letters—love letters I fancy."

"You might let me have the keys and letters. I'll send them back later. So long!"

During the drive to headquarters my chief was exasperatedly silent. I could see, however, that he was tremendously excited. On the stairs to his office he halted abruptly.

"It sounds too good to be true, eh? There must be hundreds of Delahaye cars in Paris—still we can't neglect such a queer coincidence. Are you busy?"

"Yes," I replied. "I have not mounted the plaster casts yet."

"All right—Rousseau will be back soon. Come to my office when you've finished. I may want you."

It was long past midnight when, donning my hat and coat with a sigh of relief, I ran downstairs and knocked at the door of my chief's office. Receiving no answer I gently turned the handle and peered round.

At first sight the room appeared to be empty. Then I noticed that Bertillon was sitting motionless by the window, his head sunk on his chest, a half-smoked cigar lay on the floor where it had dropped from his relaxing fingers. Thinking he had fallen asleep I withdrew my head.

But at the sound, slight as it was, he jumped to his feet, looking a queer, strangled cry, knocking over his chair, blundered towards me.

"I've got it," he yelled. "I've got it. I know that connecting link somewhere. Only—confound it—my brain works badly at times."

And with scant ceremony he dragged me towards his desk.

"Where did you put the car in which the two girls were found?"

"We've got it below in the passage I showed, started at his feverish manner."

He gave a gasp of relief: "Fine! Then I can demonstrate my theory at once! Come on!"

He pushed me forward. He took his air, he ran down the stairs like a boy of 15, hatless and coatless. I followed more slowly, gazing at Rousseau as he came coming up, on the way. We found Bertillon staring at the tragic vehicle, and ruffling his hair excitedly.

"Look at the steering wheel!" he cried the moment he saw us. "See the top—underneath!"

"Yes, and more perplexed I did as directed, and slowly a dim perception of what he meant crept over my understanding."

"What is it you see?" he cried impatiently.

"I see a word, DELAHE, repeated four times around the underside of the wheel in raised letters to give the driver a better grip," I answered slowly.

"And was on that woman's fingerprints, chart?" D. E. L. A. asked.

"DELAHE, in fact, you do you see that I am getting it?"

"But there actually was no mark on her fingers! I answered. "They were quite clean when you examined them."

"I know," Bertillon said more soberly, "and that's the wonder of it. You have heard of the strange forms hysteria can take—and the extraordinary nerve-terms it will sometimes cause. Well—try to follow—when you ink a person's fingerprints, the raised ridges, whorls, and loops, come out in black, don't they—while the lower parts in between remain white?"

Very well, I see that—my very woman was at the steering wheel of the Delahaye car when some terrific shock sent a rush of blood to the neck, draining her of her extreme emotion at the precise moment when her fingerprints were pressing on the letters DELAHE. As a result of the nerve shock the sweatpores contracted convulsively where the raised letters crossed the skin, and produced a species of nerve paralysis—never explained in a condition that evidently lasted several hours. Thus, when her fingerprints were inked at the police station the outline of the letters appeared in white on her chart because the flesh had to be so shriveled at those spots and the ink did not touch it. It is quite possible the drug she had taken had something to do with the extraordinary phenomenon. I believe the case is practically unique."

"You mean that a severe shock can contract the sweatpores to such a degree where the fingerprints are tightly pressed against some hard substance that, although nothing can be seen on the surface of the skin, the contracted pores will reject the ink completely, and that in this manner the D. E. L. A. crossing the lines of the fingers became visible in white?" I stammered incredulously.

"Yes—that's my theory. Wait—I'll show you something that'll clinch the matter." And he drew a flat key from his pocket and inserted it in a slot on the Delahaye dashboard and turned it; instantly the armometer swung to "discharge."

"The missing ignition key," he said triumphantly, "which this woman had in her bag. Are you satisfied? I phoned the Delahaye works and verified the number. Besides, her Delahaye has a nail-head in a front tire; I sent along to find out."

"Mon Dieu!" Rousseau mumbled. "It's almost uncanny—a direct intervention of—of Providence. What's the name of this woman?"

"I am told it's Isha Wong. She is no doubt an Asiatic, born in Indo-China, according to her dossier, but I'll bet she's a good dash of African blood in her."

"African?" I was still somewhat puzzled.

"Yes—African—and that's the last connecting link—Africa means Voodoo—a debased form of Baal and Moloch worship, handed down from the Phoenicians. Voodoo is still flourishing in Dahomey and even in the Sudan. I'll bet this Isha Wong is the grand priestess of that foul idol in the vault."

"You two must be close to the Champerey police station when she's released tomorrow morning; follow her wherever she goes. Our needle was in a mighty like haystack, but luck had us straight to it."

"Yes—luck—and your amazing deduction," he whispered, "lead me to her, fast, for I am sure."

"All the same it's true—only the chance could have evolved such a fantastic theory. Explain the D. E. L. A. and then prove it to be."

The next morning we had our first glimpse of the "priestess." She was certainly a striking creature. Tall and slender, with classically carved features, the

ivory paller of her skin, the glitter of her uncanny black eyes, and the sleek of her silk, enhanced her exotic appearance. But the effect was evil. Her soul bore the unmistakable seal of Satan. Whatever the drug that had been her undoing, its effects were long in wearing off. Even after her day and night in the cells she still seemed ill and unsteady in her walk. But Bertillon's orders were peremptory and although her car had been damaged beyond repair, she was led to shift for herself—thus when she hailed a passing taxi we were already in our old car, ready to follow anywhere.

Quite unconscious of our proximity, she drove to the St. Lazare railway station and boarded a train for Meudon. A couple of hours later, having left Rousseau on guard, I was able to report to my chief that we had followed Isha Wong to a small child on the northern edge of the Meudon forest, where she resided.

From that moment the woman of mystery was constantly under observation, and a week later, well hidden in a pit covered with bushes, we watched the stealthy arrival of a number of well-dressed men and women, come, evidently, for another Satanist orgy.

Our entry was as silent as it was sudden, and guided by a hideous yelling and a strange barbarous chant, we burst unexpectedly into a large room without windows which was a perfect replica, on a smaller scale, of the Moloch temple at Ville d'Avray.

To our amazement we found when we lined them up against the wall that very lot of those devil-worshipers belonged to the aristocracy, some being actually members of famous families—idlers, rich and degenerate.

The examining magistrate was so careful not to offend these dilettante criminals that it was useless, unless we took a hand in the game, we should learn nothing about the murder of the two girls who, according to our identity department, were Mademoiselle Germaine Varhaegen, daughter of a highly esteemed diplomat, and Mademoiselle Lila Durieux, a recent debutante, whose name had, however, been coupled already with several unpleasant scandals.

Isha Wong, we quickly realized, was determined to remain silent; sustained in this attitude by the drug to which she was addicted since it produced a state of lethargic indifference. It was hopeless, moreover, to expect any man brave to accept the phenomenon of the letters D. E. L. A.

A. on her fingerprint chart, as evidence of her guilt in the double murder.

Bertillon, of course, was furious, but Rousseau saved the situation. He had unearthed a warrant for a former drug offense against one of the prisoners, who, we saw at once, was so weak and impotent that he would surely betray his companions to save himself.

Thanks to our warrant we were entitled to remove this man to an isolation cell, where we questioned and bullied him without respite. When, in addition to this, he was deprived of his accustomed opium pill, he broke down completely and offered to tell us all we wished to know.

The two dead girls had actually been members of the same evil sect of idolaters, who, under the guidance of the creature Isha Wong, worshipped Satan as personified by the hideous idol in the vault.

They had taken part in many of the ghastly orgies, economically horrible to describe, which were organized every month at the new moon when dogs, goats and cats were burned alive. When one night, however, a household, a lad some seven or eight years old, was actually brought to the vault, bound hand and foot, and dragged, to be offered

as a sacrifice to Moloch, the girls had become hysterical, threatening in their fear and horror, to inform the police unless the child was immediately sent away unharmed.

A fierce uproar had resulted, and, spurred by their selfish terror, the crazed idolaters had locked the girls in a cellar where they discussed the best means for insuring their silence. Maddened by drugs and a primitive blood-lust, most of them had agreed to the suggestion of their high priestess, that both girls should be sacrificed to their obscene god.

What followed our informant did not know. He was one of those who retained enough decency to demand their instant release, when this was refused he had left, determined to take no active part in a cowardly murder.

In explanation of his passive complicity he said that during these Satanic rites the air of the vault was always saturated with the fumes of hashish.

Isha Wong had agreed to take the responsibility for the double crime, which saved their own safety had made necessary. It was she who had deceived the girls to the Delahaye with the promise of their freedom. The car

had become hysterical, threatening in their fear and horror, to inform the police unless the child was immediately sent away unharmed.

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The Coty Face Powder we offer you for 75 cents is the regular \$1.10 powder—exactly the same quantity of powder...the same exquisite texture. Skin-True shades...and perfumed with the glorious Coty odours—L'Amant, L'Origan, Emeraude and Paris. Each odour has its own distinctive box.

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"Flexible" and "Functional"---Keynotes of February Furniture

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

NO matter how well furnished her home, every woman is interested keenly in the expositions and sales of February furniture. The many new room arrangements, the clever groupings of furniture with special ac-

cessories, charming color schemes and suggestions, all intrigue her and stimulate her to make changes in her own home interior. One point which has been proved clearly is that suites, sets and standardized ensembles of

furniture have less place in the modern scheme of living than formerly. Alas! we moderns move too frequently, our incomes fluctuate too suddenly, our very "design for living" standards may vary from year to year. Hence the suite or large rug which fitted

perfectly into last year's house may have neither place nor space in this season's flat, or the reverse may be true.

Moreover, too many of us are forced to live a kind of "double-exposure" life, as it were, and are not able to afford a complete living room, a separate dining room, and a completely shut-off bedroom for the unexpected guest. Hence furniture today has for one of its two chief keynotes the word "flexibility."

The second keynote of the more modern furniture is expressed by the word "functional," a term with a definite meaning to the architect. To have any article functional it would need to stress use and utility before anything else. That is, if we have a functional dining table, it must be designed primarily for cooking, and not to look like a bureau or a chest of drawers. In functional design, the structure is all important, and embellishments and surface beauty must conform to the basic body or form which is designed for use first and foremost.

This development toward the functional can be seen readily in the radically different models of the automobile today as contrasted with the old "horse-drawn buggy," which the auto then was modeled on the traditional coach or carriage. Too much of the furniture still seen or copied from antique has just this fault: it is copied because of its period, or its style or finish, and not because that particular piece answers a definite need in modern living.

Take the old-fashioned high and massive wardrobe. In space it probably requires about 6 feet width by 4 feet depth by a height of 10 feet. Yet functionally it is poor and faulty because it holds no more clothing than compact unit similar to the typical bureau chest.

Again, the average buffet or dining room sideboard is a failure from a functional viewpoint. Its space is merely space and not utilized space for a specified need. It may be too shallow to hold the average height bottle, or too narrow to hold a convenient tray, or in other ways fail to be really usable.

If the buyer will only take these two words along with her when she shops for furniture she will be assured of greater satisfaction and genuine value in her purchasing. "What is it really made for?" is one question. And the other is: "Can I change its position and still have the unit appear balanced and well made and an addition to the room?"

An odd way of achieving flexibility in various heavy pieces is the use of changeable upholstery or slip-covers. In the case of large arm-chairs or heavy divans, because of the chance of soiling the coverings, the newer idea is to have changeable slip-covered pieces "in the middle" as the trade says; that is, in the final covering before the tapestry or other fabric goes on the top. Next, select one or more covers of slip-covers which allow them to be put on or taken off most easily. These new covers are made so they can be made to fit or tailor the furniture exactly. Then one may have darker cov-

"Changing around the furniture" is almost a symptom with most women. She does this often because she stays closely within the home for such long periods, and thus becomes tired of looking at the same pieces in the same position. The new and more flexible furniture of which there is so much now to be seen, exactly answers this psychological need. With it, there is no end to groupings, and rearrangements in every room.

Just what the homemaker needs or would like in new furniture must be a matter of individual choice. But for one thing all too many homes of the moderate income bracket have no second choice parlor or living room, so that if sister is entertaining her

boy friend the family must sneak off either to bed or to the kitchen. Why not consider the idea of making over one upstairs bedroom in such a way that it is not always a bedroom, but may also serve as a sitting room? Remove the typical bed, and replace it with a low nest box-lounge or couch, or down, just as good looking, but which will at once make that room an upstairs second parlor when the family is forced to overflow.

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A GHOST IN THE BACKYARD

(This true story is based on facts contained in an unsolicited letter.)

Sweetest, I have been thinking of you since Jan. 20, 1935.

Afterwards, a mysterious ghost seemed to haunt my backyard every Monday when I took my clothes in. They would actually look better and dryer than before they were washed.

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED THEN

THE WAY THIS LA FRANCE DRESSER IS MARVELOUS, I'M NO MORE RUBBING AT ALL AND NO SEPARATE BLUING RINSE! I'M GOING TO GET MY WASH DONE SO EARLY TODAY!

THAT'S SWEET, DEAR. YOU WON'T HAVE THOSE 'MONDAY NIGHT BLUES' ANY MORE.

YOU SURE ARE GETTING TO BE ONE GOOD LAUNDRESS! THIS SHIRT LOOKS GREAT!

AND AREN'T THESE SHEETS WHITE? NO BLUING SPOTS OR STREAKS EITHER! BUT LA FRANCE DESERVES THE CREDIT.

OH, JIM, LOOK AT THIS WASH! IT'S SO DINGY, AND SEE ALL THESE SOOT-SMUDGES!

IT'S THE SMOKE FROM THE NEIGHBORS' FURNACES. DON'T YOU HANG THE CLOTHES IN THE CELLAR?

BUT THEN THEY GET SO YELLOW, JIM!

WELL, LOOK! IT TELLS HERE ABOUT SOMETHING THAT WE BOTH KNOW IS WHITER, SAFER AND QUICKER.

WHY, IT'S LA FRANCE! SOMEONE WAS TELLING ME ABOUT THAT THE OTHER DAY—LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS. YOU KNOW I JUST BELIEVE, I'LL TRY IT!

I don't worry now about washing. I can even dry my clothes outdoors and they come out yellow. La France does me clean. Wash clothes and even so much more and harder to tell even better about these little blue jackets that look bright in the sun.

Miss Margaret Sweet

GOODBYE, GHOST!

Use it with soap

La France

Free Mail this coupon for free test packages of La France and Satina. You add Satina to boiling starch. It makes your iron glaze easier. La France and Satina are products of General Foods. Mail coupon, if envelope paste on postcard. Or write postcard addressed to: GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. A. 2-1134. Send me five test packages of La France and Satina.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Magie La France

1. Add it to your suds!
2. Makes the soap work better, faster.
3. Blues at the same time, saving you one whole hard step.
4. Less work—whiter clothes.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

AT YOUR GROCER'S
La France is never more than 10 cents. Enough for three average washings. If you are not delighted with the way it safely helps your favorite soap and saves you extra work and the trouble of a bluing time, if it fails to give you

an easier, whiter wash in either tub or machine, your grocer will cheerfully refund your money! La France is safe for any fabric water won't harm. Makes colored clothes look brighter. Washing machine makers endorse it. Ask your grocer for La France today, or use coupon at right!

BORROW NOTHING! WE NEVER RUN OUT. THIS KELVINATOR FREEZES ICE CUBES IN 80 MINUTES.

YOU'LL HAVE TO-
I'M FROM MISSOURI!

80 MINUTES LATER

HERE YOU
ARE - TAKE
A LOOK

LET'S GET A
KELVINATOR. IT
FREEZES ICE CUBES
THE FASTEST I'VE
EVER SEEN

I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, DEAR. I'VE ALREADY DECIDED A KELVINATOR IS THE REFRIGERATOR I WANT. TOO

FROZEN SOLID!
YOU WIN, JOE-
I WOULD NEVER
HAVE BELIEVED IT

Ice in 80 minutes.. A WORLD'S RECORD
In the Iso-thermic Tube Tray — an exclusive Kelvinator feature—the average time for the making of ice cubes is 80 minutes—a world's record.

See the 1935 Kelvinators now. There are 19 beautiful new models, priced, f. o. b. factory, from \$77.50 up. You will find exactly the model you want—at the price you want to pay. And any model may be purchased on the convenient, easy payment ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan. Get your Kelvinator now and enjoy it while it pays for itself. . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 14267 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.

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